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PHOTO CREDITS: D.P. originals; 8-17, 46. Valerie Wilmer; 22-24. Bruce McBroon; 32-34.

HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publishing Corp., Division St., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1966. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Price per copy 35¢; annual subscription \$3.50: 24 issues \$6.00. Vol. XXV, No. 27, Sept., 1966. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions, territories and Canada only. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. self-addressed envelope.

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TURN DOWN DAY

(As recorded by The Cyrkie/Columbia) JERRY KELLER DAVID BLUME

It's much too groovy a summer's day
To waste runnin' 'round in the city
But here on the sand I can dream away
Or look at the girls if they're pretty
It's a turn down day, nothing on my
mind

It's a turn down day and I dig it
There's nothing better a man can do
Then lying around doing nothing
It's a turn down day
Just a turn down day
It's a turn down day
Yes a turn down day and I dig it.

Soft summer breeze and the surf rolls in to laughter of small children playing Someone's radio has the news tuned in But nobody cares what he's saying It's a turn down day, lying in the sun Just a turn brown day and I dig it Things that are waitin' to mess my mind Will just have to wait till tomorrow It's a turn down day Just a turn down day It's a turn down day It's a turn down day Yes a turn down day and I dig it.

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• PAPER-BACK WRITER

(As recorded by The Beatles/Capitol)
JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY

Paper-back writer, writer
Sir or madam will you read my book
It took me two years to write
Will you take a look

Based on a novel by a man named Lear And I need a job so I wanna be a paperback writer, paper-back writer

back writer, paper-back writer
Dirty story of a dirty man
And his clinging wife doesn't understand
His son is working for the daily mail
It's a steady job but he wants to be a
paper-back writer, paper-back writer
paper-back writer.

It's a thousand pages give or take a few I'll be writing more in a week or two I can make it longer if you like the style I can change it 'round and I want to be a paper-back writer, paper-back writer.

If you really like it you can have the rights It could make a million for you overnight If you must return it you can send it here But I need a break and I want to be a paper-back writer, paper-back writer, paper-back writer,

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•THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/MGM)
DON THOMAS
ESTELLE LEVIT
Everyone's life is bitter sweet
There's a door that opens wide
And no man can call himself complete
Till he's seen it from both sides.

This door swings both ways
It's marked in and out
Some days you'll want to cry
and some day's you'll shout
This door swings both ways
It goes back and forth
In comes a southern breeze or a cold
wind from the north.

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WILD THING

(As recorded by The Troggs/Fontana & Atco)
CHIP TAYLOR
Wild thing, you make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing (Spoken) - Wild thing, I
think I love you
(Sung) - But I wanna know for sure
(Spoken) - Come on and hold me tight
I love you, wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy, wild
thing.

(Spoken) Wild thing, I think you move me
(Sung) But I wanna know for sure
(Spoken) Come on and hold me tight you move me, wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy, wild thing.
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•PACK UP YOUR SORROWS

(As recorded by Joan Basz/Vanguard PAULINE MÄRDEN RICHARD FARINA

No use crying, talking to a stranger Naming the sorrow you've seen Too many sad times, too many bad times And nobody knows what you mean.

But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows
And give them all to me
You would lose them
I know how to use them
Give them all to me.

No use rambling, walking in the shadows
Trailing a wandering star
No one beside you, no one to hide you
And nobody knows where you are
(Repeat chorus).

No use gambling, running in the darkness
Looking for a spirit that's free
Too many wrong times, too many long times
And nobody knows what you see
(Repeat chorus).

No use roaming, lying by the roadside Seeking a satisfied mind Too many highways, too many byways And nobody's walking behind (Repeat chorus). [©] Copyright 1964 by Ryerson Music

Publishers, Inc.

•HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG

(As recorded by Sonny & Cher/Atco) SONNY BONO I think this party's going badly Is there something wrong I see faces looking sadly Have I stayed too long.

Even though you see me smile, dance and sing and acting wild Pretending that I'm really gas My smiling face is just a mask.

Without love a kiss ain't nothing Have I done something wrong I look around and I can't find nothing Have I stayed too long.

Without beginning there ain't no end Without a foe you got no friend Have I grown enough in years To find out what's behind my tears.

I gotta get out of this place
I'm, I'm tired of wearing this phoney face
I think this party's going badly
Is there something wrong
I see faces looking sadly
I guess I'm going home
Even tho' you see me smile, dance and sing, acting wild
Pretending that I'm really gas
My smiling face is just a mask.

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• SOMEWHERE MY LOVE

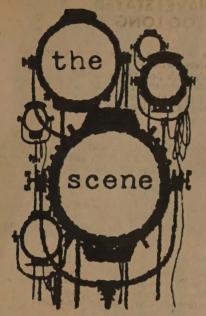
(As recorded by Ray Coniff Singers/Columbia)
PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER
MAURICE JARRE
Where are the beautiful days
Where are the sleigh rides til dawn
Where are the tender moments of splendor
Where have they gone, where have they gone.

Somewhere my love there will be songs to sing
Although the snow covers the hope of spring
Somewhere a hill blossoms in green and gold
And there are dreams, all that your heart can hold.

Someday we'll meet again my love Someday whenever the spring breaks through You'll come to me out of long ago Warm as the wind, soft as the kiss of snow.

Till then, my sweet (Lila my own)
Think of me now and then
God speed my love
Till you are mine again.

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Does anybody out there, somewhere read? You should. It's nice. Besides, you might find out that this generation isn't as insane as it's cracked up to be. The way incidents are taken out of context it only seems we're insane. The middle class is still really what's happening and they just work and watch TV.

Just the other day, we talked with a D.J. You know what he said? Hold on to your hat. He said, "The words to Lovin' Spoonful songs are dirty and Bob Dylan songs will make teenagers take L.S.D." Isn't that nice? What's really sad is the guy believes it. But imagine if that made all the front pages. Even "Time" might do a story on it. Suddenly the stock market plunges, the Chinese invade New York in flying saucers and a visiting diplomat finds an atom bomb in his soup. A notorious rumor might even start that blah, blah, with the Bert Lahr voice, was seen doing the frug in a topless something-or-other out there in funny Los Angeles. (Well, the P.R. outfits have to get in on it too).

Then blah, blah is arrested with enough L.S.D. on him to turn on the whole city of New York, and 53 people, 2 midgets and a flamingo get canned for a hullabaloo in local firehouse — and Batman makes kids and old ladies jump off of buildings and topless eskimos hold a block dance in Howie's parking lot. No matter what we make up, something for real will go one better.

All these things sound pretty flipped out-right? And they are. But really, it's just a handful of loose wigs here and there with nothing else better to do. If you read John O'Hara, Ernest Hemmingway and Scott Fitzgerald you'll see

that the exact same kind of insanity was prevalent in the 20's and 30's. They wrote about their crowd which also was a handful of loose wigs.

In those days they were called "The Lost Generation." When the war was



Just look at this flipped-outbunch from the pirate era.

over, "The Beat Generation" occupied the 40's and 50's. And now in the 60's, the easiest, quickest way to have your mind blown is to turn on your phonograph fullblast. It says right on the back of the Paul Butterfield album to turn it up as loud as possible so you can feel it. Why not call this the "Rock & Roll Generation?" At no time in history has the world been so pre-occupied with music. Certainly it is safer than booze or drugs or glue...unless you get electrocuted from an amplifier of course. Like Chuck Berry says in "Roll Over Beethoven"....."I need a shot of rhythm and blues."

Music has even gone beyond the realm of a mere spectator sport. Everybody wants to do it. If you don't own a guitar or harmonica or washboard, somebody you know does; and more than likely if you aren't in a band, someone you know is.

So, according to how technically advanced each era was "the insane generation" got their kicks. The cave men busted each other with clubs, the Inca Indians cut out each other's hearts. Since the beginning of time man has looked for a way out. Whatever diversion technically available was used to "blow the mind." We aren't any different. Now dear readers, we'll end with

Now dear readers, we'll end with a moral. We'll make it as simple as possible. Everyone of us is capable of doing the most beautiful things imaginable or the most grotesque. Remember, a country in Europe produced a Beethoven and several generations later - the death camp. If you don't want to think about those things - blow it away with music - not drugs.

Attention ALL fans of H.P. Horoscope and H.P. Crossword. The Horoscope on George Harrison in this issue will be the very last one you'll ever see unless we get lots of angry letters. The crossword doesn't appear in this issue because we needed space for the Spoonful Spread. There's a sandwich in the ice box and a clean pair of socks in the stove. Be nice and don't fight.

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They Conquer England

EVER OVIN'
ESPOONFUL

By Don Paulsen

Just a year ago there weren't too many people who'd go out of their way to see the Lovin' Spoonful. But John Lennon, George Harrison, Brian Jones, Spencer Davis and many more famous people did. They came out of hiding to meet this groovy group and enjoyed their Good Time Music.

Several overly-publicized American groups bad recently disappointed and annoyed the British fans and journalists...but everyone from the teeny-boppers in their Carnaby Street skirts six inches above their knees, to the bold TV cameramen, dug the Lovin' Spoonful

"Daydream" climbed up the British record charts to #2. Dozens of singers started recording Spoonful songs.

The BBC even called the Lovin' Spoonful 'the most original sound to come from America in a long time.'

And lots more groovy things happened. On their first trip overseas the Lovin' Spoonful really made friends and influenced people.

I went to London with them and ran all over town taking lots of pictures and lots of notes. It was an exciting, often hectic trip and we had a groovy time...but sometimes we were very homesick.

This is what happened:

Tuesday, 9:30 p.m., Kennedy Airport, New York, British Overseas Airway Corporation waiting room...the Lovin' Spoonful sit scattered around the room, each surrounded by a small cluster of fans. Some girls talk to Zal, Joe, Steve or John. Others keep their distance and just stare.

Zal Yanovsky is going to England wearing sneakers and no socks. Pinned to his lapel is a sign: "Hello! I am nobility. I am the official vice president of the official international toad fan club. Treat me as such. Zal Yanovsky."

The Spoonful, Road Manager Rich "Toad" Chiaro, Musical Producer Erik Jacobsen and I board the big BOAC VC-10 Jetliner and soon we're doing 630 miles per hour 33,000 feet above the Atlantic Ocean.

Erik tells me, "I was talking to Cass Elliott who'd been talking to Dave Crosby who'd been talking to George Harrison who'd said that the Beatles were looking forward to meeting the Spoonful."



Left at the Marquee Club, Spoon amplifiers went 'pouf'. Above, gang tapes "Top of the Pops." Right, most co-operative American group poses for the press.



Left, a walk through London to check the club scene. Above, George Harrison and John Lennon chat with Joe and Zal at the Marquee. Right, doing "Ready, Steady, Go."

At 11:26 a.m. Wednesday the plane lands in grey rainy London. Passports stamped, baggage claimed, the Spoonful walk through a door and...a dozen fans are there to greet them! And there's a roomful of reporters and photographers waiting too!

The Lovin' Spoonful are tired, but as John told me, "We're punchy tired... which is better for press conferences

than groggy tired."

The British reporters ask intelligent questions and the Spoonful answer them in their off-beat, up-beat manner.

The Spoons laugh a lot and clown around while posing for pictures. The photographers are delighted to find such a lively, co-operative group. Champagne and sandwiches are served.

"It's been a long time since we were treated this nicely," says a British

reporter.

Spoonful publicity director, Dan Moriarty, is swamped with requests for interviews.

That night, after a nap, everyone goes out to see London. It's chilly and the streets are wet from a recent shower.

We find a pub but they won't serve a couple of the Spoonful because "their hair is too long." Another pub is more accommodating, but at 11 p.m. the lights start flashing off and on.

"Closing time!"

"What?!"

Yes, in swinging London, the bars close at 11 in the evening. The Spoonful find this idea absurd. They leave reluctantly.

"Let's go to the Scotch."

The Scotch is a private club that serves members until 3 a.m. The

Spoonful are scheduled to appear there next week. But their manager, Bob Cavallo, doesn't want them to be seen at the Scotch until they make their debut Tuesday.

Joe Butler has a telephone number a friend gave him. "There's supposed to be a party going on tonight."

Everyone goes to the party. It's in a small house on a picturesque cobblestoned street. The host is Tara Browne, at whose 21st birthday party the Spoonful will play next week. The guests include London hippies, actors, musicians, and pretty girls. Actor Ben Carruthers is there.

The Beatles' "Rubber Soul" album is on the phonograph. The English album has 14 songs on it. John wants to hear "Drive My Car." He digs it.

Erik arrives with the Spoonful's "Daydream" album which hasn't been released in England yet. Everyone flips out listening to it. They've never heard such sounds before.

Around 1:30 a.m. Steve, John and I leave. We stop in an all-night hamburger joint for a crummy burger then take a taxi back to the hotel.

Thursday it snows. It's the middle of April, but it's snowing. In parts of England, blizzards are raging. The weather takes some getting used to.

At noon, after a breakfast interview, Joe and Steve go to Carnaby Street to pick up and pay for a couple of suede leather jackets John had ordered earlier in the morning. Also, John had worn Zal's cowboy hat and he'd left it at the store. We slosh through the messy streets and bring everything

back to the hotel.

The Spoonful sit around autographing albums for a while. Later that afternoon they get dressed up and go to the offices of PYE, their English record label, for a big press reception.

When the photographers make their inevitable request for pictures, the Spoonful say funny things to make themselves — and—everybody else—smile as cameras click away.

After the reception, they drive through the rainy streets to the British Broadcasting Corporation TV Studios. They have to tape a segment for "Top Of The Pops" which will be televised in 3 or 4 weeks.

Walking through the long labyrinthine underground corridors at the BBC, the Spoonful pass the Rolling Stones' dressing room. They go in and say hi to Keith, Brian, Charlie and Bill. Brian is plucking the strings of a dulcimer with a feather.

Later, Mick Jagger visits the Spoons' dressing room and talks a bit.

A couple of photographers take pictures of the Spoonful and later remark that they'd never met an American group so co-operative. Even John, who hasn't been feeling well all afternoon, smiles a lot for the cameras.

In the studio, several wooden platforms are set up, a couple of spotlights flash op-art patterns on the plain white background, a piano is rolled out and the Spoonful take their places. The director and technicians work swiftly and smoothly, planning camera angles.

Soon everything is ready. The Spoonful pantomimes "Daydream" a few times, the cameramen move around,



John, jet, gravity.

Arrival at rainy, grey London airport.

Steve says "Hi Mick."

the kids in the studio dance. It comes off great.

The technicians are impressed by the Spoonful and the foursome is impressed by the technicians.

"Doing a TV show in England is better than doing it in America," says Zal. "It's faster. They use 3 or 4 cameras instead of 2 and the directors are better. They have new ideas. Too many directors in America are old-timers."

Friday is another day of TV. The Spoonful begin rehearsing "Ready Steady Go" around 2 in the afternoon. First, they pre-record the instrumental tracks for "Do You Believe In Magic" and "Daydream". "It sounds almost like the record," remarked Zal.

Camera angles are planned very precisely and the Spoons go through their songs a few times. Then they chat with hostess Cathy McGowan.

A tea break is called. Everyone goes to the cafeteria for a "cuppa".

Back in the studio they rehearse their chat with Cathy again, then they return to the dressing room. While they're waiting, they talk with the other artists on the show, Dusty Springfield and The Searchers. Paul Samwell Smith of the Yardbirds drops by to say hello. So does Jonathan King "RSG" is broadcast live at 7 p.m.

"RSG" is broadcast live at 7 p.m. and the Spoonful score another success. They're invited to return the following week.

After the TV show, they go to the backstage rehearsal room and recording studio at the Marquee Club where they'll make their London nightclub debut on Monday. They tune their instruments, check their amplifiers.

Joe sets up his drums, Steve tests the electric organ and they practice several songs. Then, thoroughly exhausted, they return to the Mayfair Hotel.

Saturday afternoon the Spoonful go to Birmingham to play a couple of ballrooms. English ballrooms are a curious phenomenon to American performers. The audience consists of everyone from teenagers on a Saturday night date, to middle-aged working men drinking dark warm beer from quart-sized mugs, to grandmothers meeting other grandmothers for a friendly drink, to married couples out for an evening of dancing and fun and other types of people. Obviously, the audience's reaction could best be described as "mixed".

On Sunday the sun still hasn't appeared. The Spoonful tape a BBC radio program to be aired during the week. They return to London in the rain.

The Marquee Club is packed on Monday night. George Harrison, John Lennon, Spencer Davis, Jonathan King and lots more celebrities are there onstage. The Lovin' Spoonful are into their second set of the evening... they're doing "Fishin' Blues" when... pouf...their amplifiers go dead.

No chung chung from Zal's guitar could be heard...no dedili dedili from John...no bung bung of Steven's bass.

Joe's drums continue. Zal, John, and Steve clap their hands in time to the music...they stop...hesitate a moment...laugh.

"I'd tell a joke right now," says Joe while the others search for the power failure, "but I don't know any that aren't dirty." Laughter.

The Spoonful joke and ad-lib. The audience laughs. Everything is cool. No panic.

The foursome excuse themselves, go backstage for a while, their road manager "Toad" Chiaro plugs the guitars, bass and organ into the other group's amplifiers on the stage.

John, Zal, Steve and Joe return to the spotlight, get into "Fishin' Blues" right where they'd left off...the audience flips. The Spoonful do a couple of more songs and wind up with a wailing "Night Owl Blues". Applause. Cheers. "More! More!" They had turned potential catastrophe into a smashing personal success. The audience now knows beyond a doubt that these three Americans and a Canadian are professional entertainers who can see their way through any onstage calamities without blowing their cool.

Afterwards, Lennon and Harrison go to the Spoonful's hotel and chat with them into the early morning hours.

To find out what happened and what was said read next month's issue of Hit Parader for the conclusion of The Lovin' Spoonful in England.



Mick says "Hi Steve." A rehearsal at the BBC T.V. studio for "Top of the Pops." Zal and new fans.

EVER OVIN' POONFUL

Makin'

.

movie music

by Jim Deleho

You are about to witness the actual making of a movie soundtrack. The music part of it, that is. You see, this real funny guy called Woody Allen got a hold of an old grade Z Japanese movie and called it "Pow." He erased the entire soundtrack - dialogue- music- everything and he dubbed in his own dialogue. For instance, there's a morbid scene in a cellar where two bad guys are arguing over who is the real Mr. Wong. They have the hero and his girl tied to chairs because they want to beat them up. Well, the hero watches the bad guys argue for a while then he turns to his girl and says "two wongs don't make a wight." There's all kinds of funny stuff like that.

At 7 o'clock we walked into the control room of National Sound Recorders. They have already been working on the movie for three days. Sebastian is shaking everybody's hand and passing out cigars. Zal says "gosh, thanks John." John says, "Do you know why I gave you that?" Zal says, "Because you're a nice guy." John says, "No...because 'Day Dream' is now number one." Zal says, "Gosh John, I thought you were just being a nice guy."



In the waste basket there is an envelope with Tito Puentes' name wriften on it. He is supposed to start recording here at 2:00 a.m.

"Ok," says Jack Lewis - the musical producer - "we have a lot to do tonight. John, I want you to play harp over this guy singing 'Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen'. Roll it."

Next to the control booth, there is a room which houses the movie projector. A screen is set up down in the recording studio. The lights go off and everybody watches as a horrible look-



ing man sings "Nobody Knows" with a horrible Peter Lorrie voice.

Sebastian's father, vacationing in New York after a concert tour of Africa (he plays a glass harmonica) is sitting at the piano in the studio. "It's in F sharp" he yells to John. John begins a search for the proper harp. "Jack, I don't have the right harp." Jack says "It doesn't have to be F sharp....it's a musical joke." But John wants the right harp. "I'm going to go buy a harp Jack... I'll be right back." "Yeh, me too," says Zal, "We'll be right back Jack don't go away." "I'm coming too," says Joe. "Me too," says Steve. They run for the door. Zal kids Jack. "Sucker...ha ha we're never coming back." He stands in the door and waves and throws a kiss and disappears.

Jack Lewis who had produced the music for movies like "Lawrence of Arabia" and "The Victors" shakes his head and



Joe plays cymbols for film retitled "What's Up Tiger Lilly."

says, "this is the most difficult score I've ever done. Last night, I did a thing for Atlantic with 24 pieces. It went off like a snap, but this is the most unique, original thing I've ever done. The Spoonful are fantastic to work with. Some of the most creative guys I've ever met."



Fifteen minutes later the Spoonful charge into the studio panting, they ran all the way. John is waving the harp over his head. Zal waves. "Here we are Jack - I was only kidding."

"Ok," says Jack, "just play the sound-track." John is in the studio in front of a mike with earphones an. (They call the earphones "cans"). He can hear the voice, but up in the control room we can hear both the voice and the harp. "Once more John" says Jack. "Make it slide, you're playing it too choppy." That's done. Lewis knows exactly what he wants. Joe Butler says "Jack's watched the film a lot and he knows what kind of music he wants, but we get a lot of ideas too. If he likes them, he uses them."

I look over Jack's shoulder. He has a notebook that reads like this: "Reel #9; underscore a cool million - .57 seconds, Prisoners - 10 seconds; trap door - 10 seconds, cobra cue - 5 seconds, boat music - 20 seconds." Jack has timed each bit he wants music for.

"Now let's go on to the football thing"

says Jack.
"Yeh, the parade. I'm gonna bear
a bass drum," says Joe.

EVER OVIN' POONFUL





John with the right harp.

The Spoonful gather in the recording studio to watch the film. The scene is a....well, a house that girls live in. But Woody Allen has made it into a locker room scene. A football coach is giving his team a pre-game pep talk. "Wow....l got it" yells Zal. He gets an old beat up French horn he found in a corner and blasts away on it, his cheeks bulging. He has never played it before in his whole life and it sounds like it. He plays a college "rah-rah" song-all off key-out of tune-out of time.

(CONT. ON PAGE 44)

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EVER OVIN' POONFUL

Day Dreams

ZAL YANOVSKY

At 3 o'clock in the morning, when everybody else is knocked out, dragged down - Zal is just starting to get his second wind. He is a bottomless juke box of memorized folk songs, pop songs and he can sing Nelson Eddy - Jeanette McDonald duets all by himself. He likes to wear sloppy clothes and huge hats and big round sunglasses. He stands on his head and scoots around the recording studio on a microphone boom. Suddenly, he thinks of an old folk song and runs to get John's acoustic guitar while everybody is trying to get down to business. He pulls his shirt up and talks to his navel, does the black bottom and pauses to cough on a cigarette - suddenly all the insanity, footwork, mouthwork and belly laughing is right there in his guitar playing. He plugs the guitar into his ear or his belly button and he plays. It gives you chills. He makes funny faces when he bends strings and tries to make the sounds come out of his mouth. When Zaf sleeps, if he sleeps at all, his guitar plays all by itself sitting up in the corner.



JOHN SEBASTIAN

Seems like it is impossible to get to know John. He'll look you in the eye when you talk to him, but you get the funny feeling he'll say, "I'm sorry, would you say that again?" Somewhere in his brain there is a jugband chugging away 24 hours a day. Lazy spring breezes blow country blues in one ear and a warm baby named Lorey whispers in the other. "Did you ever fall asleep on a newly mowed lawn?" He asks. He has a tool box full of harmonicas with all broken reeds. Somehow he manages to find the right one. His legs go in two different directions when he walks. He trips a lot. When he hunches over his guitar, his weeping hair hangs down like a willow tree. He hates being away from home. Just a sleepy bull-toad.

STEVE BOONE

Steve Boone climbs a tall ladder and sits at the top watching all the antics below. He only comes down when he's needed. When the other three go into the control room to listen to play-backs, Steve sits at the piano all alone in the studio knocking out sad little songs. If you get him on a bad day he won't show up for an interview because, "I didn't like the whole concept." He looks like a celery stalk with the leaves on top, a bored celery stalk.



JOE BUTLER

Joe Butler goes into laughing contortions and rolls all over the floor when Zal clowns around. "God, Zallie, you're the funniest guy I ever met." Joe talks the essence of things. He'd probably make a great actor. He has already memorized a movie script written for the Spoonful. He talks about some of the scenes so graphically that you think you're watching it on the screen. He talks that way about life in general, too. His thoughts pour from his brain into his mouth so fast that occasionally he stutters. When he leaves, your nerve ends are jangling and you get the strange feeling that you have been communicating with another human being. Zal has convinced Joe that he's getting too fat, so Joe eats hamburgers and throws the buns away.



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SPOONFUL in England, part 2

JIM McGUINN

tells how he wrote 5-D



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THE Spoonful Drummer SPEAKS

Steve and I played in a band in Long Island called the Kingsmen, which I started. Before that I had played drums with another group just to fill in. I went to a club owner and sold him the new band. It was Steve, his brother Skip, and Jan Beukner. At that time, I was stationed at an Air Force base. We played gigs at the base and eventually moved out to Long Island. We brought the same group to the Village and it was the first rock and roll band in the Village with any musical validity. We had a different bass player then because Steve was in Europe.

At that time John and Zal were looking for members to form a group and I suggested Steve and Jan Beukner. That was the early Spoonful but Jan didn't work out and I, meanwhile, was learning to play drums. So I replaced Jan.

The function of a drummer is mainly 2 and 4. Especially in concerts where you've got to hang everything together. Like between John and Zally, it's a hateful thing to be a wall between 2 divided nations. Their styles of playing are different. The main thing is to get in the middle and lock everything in. Especially when Steve is picking a bass and John and Zal are both picking, I have to lock everything in as tight as I can. We've all changed our playing since we first started. Fortunately, I never got hung up on one thing because I never tooklessons. I've played a lot of different styles. None of us are locked in. We all change our style to fit the song. We never had the problem of adapting ourselves.

Another thing, I never got locked in on is a drumming technique, like Ringo pounds the drums with an over-hand style. I hold the sticks different ways for different songs. Sometimes I play over-hand and sometimes just the opposite.

John's rhythm guitar has a lot of country type stuff. Zal leans toward country and western too. Zally usually plays a chop rhythm like my 2 and 4 rhythm. On the "Day Dream" album there are some out-and-out country and western tunes where I play country drums. I used brushes on one of them. L taped the tambourine on the snare, so I got the head of the tambourine and the snare and the jingle going all at once.

More or less, twist drumming was what rock and roll drumming has been like for a long time. But folk and country seems to have changed that. Personally, I've never got hung up with just the twist rhythm. We've played a lot of blues and country too. Even the group I was in before this played folk tunes. We came to the Village and played folk.

Music is getting so much more interesting. People used to write 2 section songs. It droned along - 1 verse a chorus, another verse and a chorus - just 2 sections. Now there are things being done with 3, 4 and 5 sections within rock and roll.

First day I played with the Spoonful I knew pretty much what was needed. Like the thing that was needed in the drums for that sound. That first day I cut my hand on the cymbal and broke sticks because I was playing very hard drums to lock everything in. I was trying to force everybody to play that way.

That's what the Spoonful, at that point, was lacking. The former drummer was very good, but he didn't learn to listen closely to what the other instruments were doing. What we've all learned now is to listen closely to each otherdon't listen superficially. The only thing good about the Spoonful at that time was Zally. No matter what happened Zally was smiling and he put on a good show which knocked me out, because many of the sounds they made were really horrible. They'd only been together for about a week or two. John wasn't used to the stage at all and Steve was uptight because he didn't know what was happening. But Zally did the whole thing.

About this same time they realized they needed another drummer. I was looking to join something that I could expand a little bit in. The group I was in at the time didn't want to write and none of them wanted to do anything different. Even through all the cacophony anybody could see that early Spoonful group was really different. It was so different it was shocking. That's why I wanted to join them. Rock and roll groups that cover and imitate other sounds can get jobs easier, but it took us two months of work to get good enough to sell our different sound.

The Spoonful would have had more trouble as a group if Steve and I hadn't played together before we joined. We had played together for about 2 years and we were pretty well psyched out as to what was happening with each other rhythmically. Even though I only sang with the Kingsmen, I knew the way Steve played. Steve and I always listen to each other.

John plays rhythm too. In a way, the whole band is a rhythm section. But there's a melody line and things for effects-interesting sound things. The basic thing is rhythm. We've done things without bass and drums when we think the song needs it. Like "Day Dream," Steve played piano and I played spoons like a tap dance thing. Certain things don't lend themselves to that kind of restriction. Rhythm is very constricting.

Like in this film we're doing. In some places I play percussion instead of drums. In one thing John plays autoharp, Zally plays rhythm guitar, Steve plays bass and I play guitar, but the strings are muted and I just play a rhythm effect. Sometimes the drums have an actual crack or beat and it can lock something in too tight and we wanted something very free. It was a re-statement of the theme "Pow" and we wanted it very loose.

Lots of times John plays rhythm guitar before they over-dub lead things. That ties in very well too. We always have one person establishing the rhythm. Some things I do because the tune should be built around the drums. Other times we'll get it off of Steve. Even within one song the lead rhythm switches from one to the other for different sections. It depends where the critical thing lies. Sometimes arrangements are multiple so you can rely on another thing to build it up when songs get into 4 and 5 sections. This film we're doing is really great for experimenting. We get many chances to restate the same piece of music with different instrumentation, different feelings, different timing, different tempo changes and keys. It became very obvious while working on the movie how we can get completely different feelings by relying on different things. Holding back in certain places and playing a variety of riffs.

(Cont. on Page 57)

How I Write Songs

by JOHN SEBASTIAN



Primarily, there is no pattern at all to the way songs come out, at least that's what I have found. I usually get one line or two lines that suggest everything else, and the whole thing develops from there. Sometimes it's with a melody, and sometimes it's just a line. For an example: 'Do You Believe In Magic In A Young Girl's Heart' was with me for six months along with a melody for the first line of the song. I just had that thing travelling around in me for a long time, until finally I sat down and wrote it. It kicks around in your head for a long time, until you can work it out into a complete tune.

The deadly third verse is a famous Sebastian phenomenon. Quite often I will get two verses and I'll need one more verse. I don't know whether it's laziness or what, but it just seems as though I've already finished the song. Sometimes I have to go back and revise the whole thing. As a matter of fact, usually the third verse that I have to wait six months for, comes out being an addition rather than a repetition but it sure slows things down.

On a horrible day, going from Baltimore, Md. to South Carolina on a bus in the pouring rain (rain is a common inspiration), I got the idea for "Daydream." It was really the lowest, a terrible day. I was feeling very depressed because I had just visited with Lorey and I was going away again for another stretch. I was sorta musing about it and took out my guitar and started plucking. I had this little trick figure that I had invented six months before to play 'Baby Love' and to play a lot of Motown songs. That's the first thing you hear on 'Daydream.' It always sounded to me like a bass, piano and the 'chick, chick' guitar. Then I just thought of 'what a day for a daydream.' That was about the only thing that I could do to keep myself from flipping out. I wrote the song in about twenty minutes, the whole thing presented itself very clearly.

Another song I wrote recently came about when Lorey and I just had an evening in the house with the rain coming down on the roof. We had been



talking about rain on the roof for a long time and last night I wrote a song about it.

What I usually do when I get lyrics and the melody at the same time is to write the lyrics out. That will make me remember the melody. The biggest trouble was when I had to remember a melody alone (ed. note: John doesn't write music) but Lorey solved the problem by buying me a tape recorder. I haven't written lyrics and forgotten the melody to them, but I have written two pages of lyrics and lost them. The last time I was in Los Angeles, I lost an entire portfolio two weeks before we were scheduled to do our second album. Fortunately, I remembered most of them, but I know that there were at least five or six songs that were almost complete...anything in the portfolio is always incomplete. There is no common

factor to the time it's going to take to complete a song. I've got different slots for songs in different stages of development. There's a slot for all the sonas that are almost done and there's slots for raw material, funny lines, miscellaneous stuff. Sometimes when I don't have any inspiration at all, but have two hours to write a song, I can sometimes start myself off on a muse by thumbing through some of this miscellaneous stuff. I accumulate a vast amount of that on the road. As a matter of fact, I accumulate a large amount at home, but I usually end up finishing everything at home. I get inspired watching television.

Funny tunes are always fast, because if it starts off good, you get goosey, you get funny, it makes you funny so that the words come out that way. "Jug Band Music' is a good example. I had 'the doctor said give him jug band music, it seems to make him feel just fine'. I wrote those lines on a cartoon of John Hurt, six months before I wrote the song. While we were on the Supremes tour, it was a horrible hot day in the bus, about two weeks out and bus tours are just terrible, real grimness. I was very groggy (you know how you get after 3 days on a bus), I was punchy when I wrote that song. There's alot of excretion in that song, you get to feel dirty and sweaty, armpits, etc.

Right now, I've only written in units of three minutes, so you can imagine that there's all sorts of directions to go from there...even shorter. I'd like to do some music for commercials. When I did the musical score to "Pow" there were 50-second pieces of music. As a matter of fact, one of the faults that we had to get over right away in the studio was being used to playing units of three minutes. We would find ourselves repeating ourselves. The first time we got to a ten minute piece, we found that we were repeating ourselves. The next time, we had to put a little invention into the piece and really go for two or three more basic themes.

Out of the second album 'It's Not Time Now' is my favorite. It ties with "Daydream," other days it doesn't. "Do You Believe In Magic" is another favorite.

POONFUL

Songs from.

•THERE SHE IS

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN There she is, she's the one That's the one I turn to When I need to get a lead on what I'm gettin' in to Oh the way you keep me spinnin' I'll hang on as long as love's the prize we're winnin'

I have found foolin' 'round somewhere very private How her touch can mean so much But I can't describe it Oh just let me keep on thinkin' I'll just find a way to keep our love from sinkin'.

Oh the way you keep me spinnin' I'll hang on as long as love's the prize we're winnin' I have found foolin' 'round somewhere very private How her touch can mean so much but I can't describe it Oh just let me keep on thinkin' I'll just find a way to keep our love from sinkin'. There she is, she's the one

That's the one I turn to When I need to get a lead on what I'm gettin' in to Oh, the way you keep me spinnin' I'll hang on as long as love's the prize

we're winnin'. Copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue

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WARM BABY

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN Summertime's for summer girls Who kiss and run away But winter girls have lovin' arms To warm a winter's day Warm baby, love me when the leaves turn brown And I'll marry my warm baby when the snow is on the ground.

I need a warm baby Keep me warm all winter long 'Cause the summer sun's a fadin' And the winter winds are blowin' strong I don't worry 'bout the winter with a woman just to keep me warm. (Repeat 1st verse).

When the wind starts whistlin' through the branches of the trees And the whisper by the window is the falling of the autumn leaves I need someone to caress me Like a soft, soft, summer breeze I need a warm baby, keep me warm all winter long.
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BALD HEADED LENA

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) SNEED PERRYMAN Bald headed Lena has anybody seen her Cute as she can be She got a cue ball head that's hard as lead But she's all right with me.

Bald headed Lena has anybody seen her Cute as she can be She can't wear no wig 'cause her head's too big But she's all right with me.

Tricky Tessy, Messy Betsy both gals are full of stuff Mellow Ella, Crazy Stella both them girls are tough Now you take Daisy, she's so crazy don't know night from day Silly Tillie, Lyin' Lillie take them all away (Repeat chorus)

Sloppy Girdie, she's so dirty Skinny Minnie, she's too lean Tracy's face is out of place And Joanie's down right mean Now you take Lizzie, she's so dizzy She went and lost her mind Anna Mae might save the day But she's deaf, dumb and blind (Repeat chorus). Copyright 1962 by Hill & Range Songs, Inc.



IT'S NOT TIME NOW

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN ZAL YANOVSKY I'd like to tell you that it's fine But it's not time now I can't seem to get a word in edgewise anyhow

Tho' the words are flying fast it just don't mean a thing
In a little while I could tell you every-

But we've taken sides in anger and we can't back down Now we're fightin' just to bring the other down

And if you think to stop it now Then the next time we'll know how.

I'd like to break it to you gently where we go wrong
If the rock begins a-rollin' we just tag along

If at first we pick the lovin' things that we both like

Then before we think to stop we're into hurtin' back Then an avalanche of answers must be

found too fast Haste be made just when we should build

Love's what we lack, lack what we share Correction comes with time to spare.

But we've taken sides in anger and we can't back down Now we're fightin' just to bring the other down And if you think to stop it now Then the next time we'll know how.

I'll like to tell you that it's fine But it's not time now I can't seem to get a word in edgewise anyhow Tho' the words are flying fast it just don't mean a thing
In a little while I could tell you everything.

But we've taken sides in anger and we can't back down Now we're fightin' just to bring the other down

And if you think to stop it now
Then the next time we'll know how.

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DAYDREA





BUTCHIE'S TUNE

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra)

STEVE BOONE

Don't give me a place for my memories to stay

Don't show me an in or a light to find the way I ain't got time for the things on your

mind And I'm leavin' you today on my way.

Please don't you cry when the time to part has come

It's not for what you said or anything that you've done

I gotta go anywhere, anytime And I'm leavin', goin' today on my way, I'm gonna go..

Please don't stick around to see me when

I'm feeling low
Don't pass the cards to me to deal the
crushing blow

I'll even close the door so you won't see me go

When I'm leavin', goin' today I'm on my way.

I'll walk away like a shadow in the night

I won't give cause for you to feel we have to fight

I'll make it easy so that you won't really quite know I'm leavin', you today on my way, and now I'm going.

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Sonas from POONFUL



LET THE BOY ROCK & ROLL

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN

JOE BUTLER heard mom and papa talkin' last night And I heard mama say to papa Let that boy rock and roll.

The neighbors are complainin' and the schoolboard called twice today You know they think you're a fool in the study hall sleepin' away He don't think about nothin' except rock and roll records to play.

I said it's all right paw Let the boy rock and roll He's got a mind of his own and you know he's got a musical soul If he's gotta play music then you know we really can't say no.

So daddy don't you worry if he's crazy

Go on and do what you think you should

But daddy don't you call him little boy bad

When you know he could be Johnny B. Goode

I said it's all right paw

Let the boy sing his song
In his bright new boots he needs a foot
full of kickin' it down

If his music is groovy you know he really can't go wrong.

So daddy don't you worry if he's crazy mad

Go on and do what you think you should But please don't call him little boy bad When you know he could be Johnny B. Goode

I said it's all right paw Let that boy rock and roll He's got a mind of his own And you know he's got a musical soul If the music is groovy you know we really can't say no.

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JUG BAND MUSIC

Kama Sutra)

JOHN SEBASTIAN I was down in Savannah Eating cream and bananas When the heat just made me faint began to get cross-eyed thought I was lost I'd begun to see things as they ain't As the relatives gathered to see what's the matter

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/

My doctor came to see what I got
But the doctor said give him jug band

It seems to make him feel just fine.

I was told a little tale about a skinny as a rail 8 foot cowboy with a headache

He was hung up in the desert swampin' rats and trying to get a drink of water with his knees a-gettin' mud-caked

And I'll tell you in a sentence how he stumbled into Memphis, Tennessee hardly crawlin' lookin' dust-baked,

We gave him a little water, a little bit of wine He opened up his eyes but they didn't

seem to shine Then the doctor said give him jug band music

It seems to make him feel just fine.

So if you ever get sickly, get sis to run quickly to the dusty closet shelf And pull out a washboard and play a guitar chord

And do a little do-it-yourself
Call on your neighbors to put down their

And come and play the hardware in time Cause the doctor said give him jug band music

It seems to make him feel just fine.

I was floatin' in the ocean, greased with

suntan lotion
When I got wiped out by a beach boy
He was surfin' when he hit me but jumped off his board to get me

And he dragged me by the arms in just like a child's toy

As we staggered into land with all the waiters eatin' sandwiches

And tried to mooch a towel from the

hoipolloi

He emptied out his eardrums I emptied out mine

And everybody knows that the very last line is the doctor said give him jug band music

It seems to make him feel just fine The doctor said give him jug band music

It seems to make him feel just fine. Copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc.



•DAY BLUES

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN JOE BUTLER
Well it's day blues Sunlight shining on some bad news Makes you feel like everything you do is gonna lose Sunlight frownin' down on me. 'Cause you didn't sleep Sunlight frownin' down on me.

And my nights get so bad That I'm hangin' outside 'Till the still hours of the morning When the day folks arrive With the sleep in their eyes to go follow the tracks they've been born in That's the day blues Stayin' awake a little too long
Now I'm sittin' in the middle of a blue song Same old right-back-thinkin' 'bout you song Sunlight frownin' down on me.

When the dawn comes to me Why does light have to be Like a mirror that's showin'. I'm older And the sun don't feel good And I ask how it could When it feels like a crow on my shoulder.

That's the day blues Sunlight shinin' on some bad news Makes you feel like everything you do is gonna lose Sunlight frowin' down on me Cause you didn't sleep Sunlight frownin' down on me. Copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc.

DAYDREAM



DAY DREAM

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN What a day for a day dream

What a day for a day dreamin' boy And I'm lost in a day dream Dreamin' 'bout my bundle of joy

And even if time ain't really on my side It's one of those days for taking a walk outside

I'm blowin' the day to take a walk in

And fall on my face on somebody's new mowed lawn

I've been havin' a sweet dream But dreamin' since I woke up today
It's starring me 'and my sweet dream
Cause she's the one that makes me feel this way

And even if time is passing me by a lot I couldn't care less about the dues you say I got

Tomorrow I'll pay the dues For dropping my load A pie in the face for being a sleepy bulltoad

And you can be sure that if you're feeling

A day dream'll last till long into the night Tomorrow at breakfast you may prick up your ears

Or you may be day dreamin' for a thousand years

What a day for a day dream Custom made for a day dreamin' boy And I'm lost in a day dream Dreamin' 'bout my bundle of joy. Copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO NICE

(As recorded by the Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) STEVE BOONE You didn't have to be so nice

I would have liked you anyway
If you had just looked once or twice And gone upon your quiet way.

Today said that the time was right to follow you
I knew I'd find you in a day or two and it's true.

You came upon a quiet day You simply seemed to take your place I knew that it would be that way The minute that I saw your face.

Now we've had a few more days I wonder if I'd get to say
You didn't have to be so nice
I would have liked you anyway. Copyright 1965 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc.



DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO DO IT

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/ Kama Sutra) JOHN SEBASTIAN Didn't want to have to do it Didn't want to have to break your heart

Ddin't want to have to do it I kept a-hopin' from the very start

But you kept on a-tryin'

And I knew that you'd end up cryin'
And I knew I didn't want to have to do it at all.

Didn't want to have to do it Didn't want to have to be the one to say it Didn't want to have to do it

I kept a-hopin' there'd be something to delay it again Yeah, but then

No, I didn't want to have to be the one to say the end.

Was a time when I thought a love could fly and never, never fall
Why should I suppose, we were never
really meant to be close to each other at all.

No, I didn't want to have to do it Didn't want to have to be the one to

say it
Didn't want to have to do it
I kept a-hopin' there'd be something to
delay it again Yeah, but then
No, I didn't want to have to be the one

to say the end No, no not the end No. no. no.

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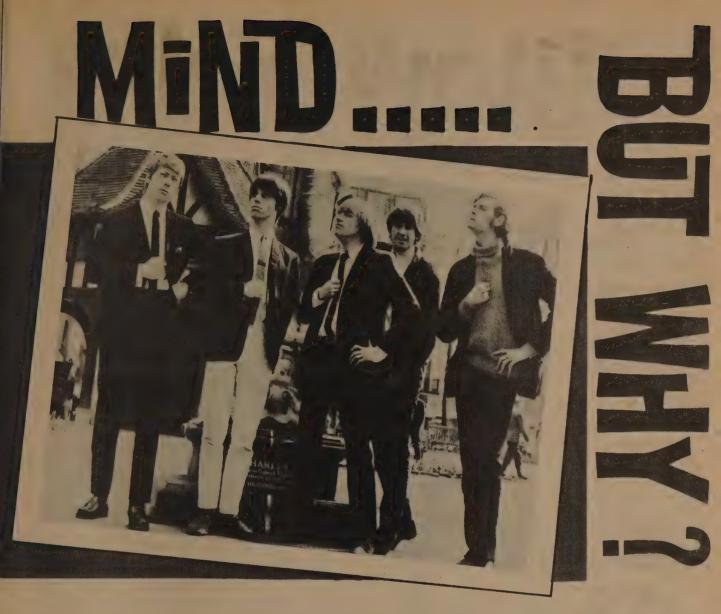
BLOW YOUR





Way back in the 1940s there was a man they called Yardbird. Charlie 'Bird' Parker was so way ahead of his time that his influence is still strongly felt by most musicians playing jazz today, so what better name could there be for a group ahead of their time than the Yardbirds?

I hesitate to call them a 'pop' group, for although, like everyone involved in showbiz, their prime purpose is moneymaking - in their case through the medium of hit records - the Yardbirds are an adventurous fivesome, busily engaged in putting a new face on music. After all, who could have visualized a couple of years ago that anyone could make a hit out of a Gregorian chant? The Yardbirds took a gamble and did just that with Still I'm Sad which was based on the thirteenth century musical style and produced by their bass guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith, the mastermind of the group.



When the Yardbirds first appeared on the club circuit some three years ago, they played blustery R'n'B and little else. Lead singer Keith Relf looked so like Brian Jones from a distance that anyone could be forgiven for dismissing them as nothing more than Rolling Stones' copyists. And for a while they were just about that. They played the same clubs where the Stones had made their name, took most of their material from the Chuck Berry/Bo Diddley files, and waved maracas about in the best approved Stone-age manner. No one thought the Yardbirds would outlive the beat boom.

But they did, for behind the tag of 'most blueswailin' and so on, five active brains were ticking over, brains which saw that the path to the future lay through fields of variety. Today, says Relf, main spokesman for the group, the Yardbirds still play R&B - "but it's developed in our own way." The usually silent lead guitarist Jeff Beck chipped in. "It's not Negro R&B, it's more Rhythm 'n' Yardbirds!" Beck, generally considered one of the best on his instrument, continued. "We started out by trying to get as close to the authentic sound as possible, but as we matured musically, we realized how invalid this attitude was, both musically and otherwise. So we've used it as the roots of our musical progression."

Although the Yardbirds are not particularly interested in jazz as such, their approach to their music includes plenty of improvisation wherever possible. "There are some sections in our numbers where we improvise on stage," said Paul Samwell-Smith, generally known for convenience as 'Sam'. "If the spark is there, we'll play it differently every night."

Currently, the Yardbirds are working on individual records which will be ap-

pearing quite independently from the group's singles. Sam, the man, behind the Gregorian chant idea and the use of Indian-flavored sounds on Heart Full Of Soul, hopes that their next production will be a four-and-a-half minute long song in different movements. "We want to have the classical attitude in mind of starting with a statement, improvising on that and then going into a final statement which is a combination of these two parts. For Your Love was a bit like this, but we hope that people will be interested in what we're doing."

Another of the Yardbirds' claims to fame is in their use of such artificial sound-producing devices as feedback, echo and the fuzz-box. Most British groups, particularly The Who, top London group who were instrumental in introducing feedback as a means to an end, employ these techniques but few people are aware of their origin. Jeff Beck claims to have used feedback as long as four years

{Continued on next page}

ago. "The first time you get it is when you lean your guitar against the amplifier for a minute and the sound goes on and on," he said. "Your immediate reaction is to rush over and turn it off. You think it'll hurt the instrument, but after a while you find out that it can contribute something. I like using different effects and noises, it's one way of covering up bad playing!" he smiled. "But it's something very hard to control, and it's hard to do it in tune.

"I was using echo long before anybody else, too. The Who used to come down and listen to us playing all the time. That's where they got their ideas. Fuzzbox is very handy, too. You can extend one note just like a saxophone, and sometimes you can get sounds just like an oboe or a bassoon.

"We don't mind if people do the things we do, in fact we're flattered, but we do get mad when someone claims that they originated something that we do."

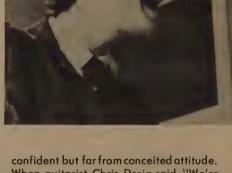
The Yardbirds made their last trip to the States in December, and at the time of writing, they hope to return in May. This time they hope to be granted an H1 visa instead of the restricting H2 which allowed them to make only a small number of television appearances. Although they enjoy visiting the States, they are all adamant that they would not like to live there. Drummer Jim McCarty summed up their attitude by saying, "The country people are nice and relaxed, but the city people are just like machines and that's not for us. The audiences were good but not as good as they are in London. They're responsive, but they don't really know what we're doing."

Sam added: "White kids don't know anything about R&B. Or maybe they just know Tamla Motown. It's so different at home."

"White people aren't really too bothered about Negroes in the States, anyway," said Jim. "It's a pity, but that's the way it is."

The Yardbirds, like so many British pop groups, are ardent admirers of all the leading R&B merchants like Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf and so on, and would dearly love to see their idols accepted and appreciated by their own fans. "But," said Keith sadly, "I don't really think that our treatment of R&B will really inspire anyone to listen to the real thing."

One thing about the Yardbirds is their self-assurance. This comes from an awareness of their combined abilities and limitations and makes for a pleasantly Above, sneaky Paul says "Arf, Arf" unknown to the rest of the boys. Isn't that silly? Oh that Paul. Right, Jeff proudly displays a coat with red Indian styled lining which he bought Stateside during their last tour. Below, Paul and Jeff get a bit of a giggle from a magazine article about the Yardbirds. Their latest Epicsingle "Over, Under, Sideways, Down" utilizes the now familiar near Eastern sound.



feel there is a place on the market for fun records, coming after the wave of protest, there should be room for some good-time music. I hope we can provide some of it."

Whichever way the Yardbirds move-towards good-time music, across to India or back in history to the days of Gregorian chants - their reasons for doing so will be worthwhile and the products of their thought interesting. They are the most adventurous group on their side of the pond and, for the record, the most polite.

confident but far from conceited attitude. When guitarist Chris Dreja said, "We're looking forward to going back and conquering the States," no-one could doubt for a moment that this was anything but a joke.

"We've come to the point now where we're sitting around, taking stock of ourselves and waiting for ideas to come to the surface," he went on.

Keith took it up there. "There are a lot of ideas buzzing around which will have to be tethered and made use of. We

YARDBIRD Fact Sheet

- Keith Relf (vocals and harmonica, tambourine and mike stand) was born on March 22nd, 1943, in Richmond, Surrey. Has blond hair, blue eyes, loves animals and is expert at taking wormholes in antique furniture.
- Jeff Beck (lead guitar, violin, electric saw) was born on June 24th, 1944. Has brown hair, blue eyes and is most desirous to own a big American car.
- Chris Dreja (rhythm guitar, maracas, foot) was born November 11th, 1945 in Surbitan. Has blond hair, blue eyes and undoubtedly the best-dressed man on the scene.
- Paul "Sam" Samwell-Smith (bass guitar and baffoon) was born "somewhere in South-West London" on May 8th, 1943.
 - Jim McCarty (drums, triangle-beer cans and bath stoppers) was born in Liddypool July 25th, 1943. He spent two years in the stockexchange rat race, and considers showbiz "a piece of cake."











Private Life of a Beach Boy of WILSON DENNIS WILSON by Leslie Reed



Five years ago Dennis Wilson was a 16-year-old surfing and hot rodding fiend, like most boys his age. Unlike most boys his age (then and now), he had two brothers and a father who helped create, along with two other non-Wilson boys, one of the most successful pop music groups ever—the Beach Boys.

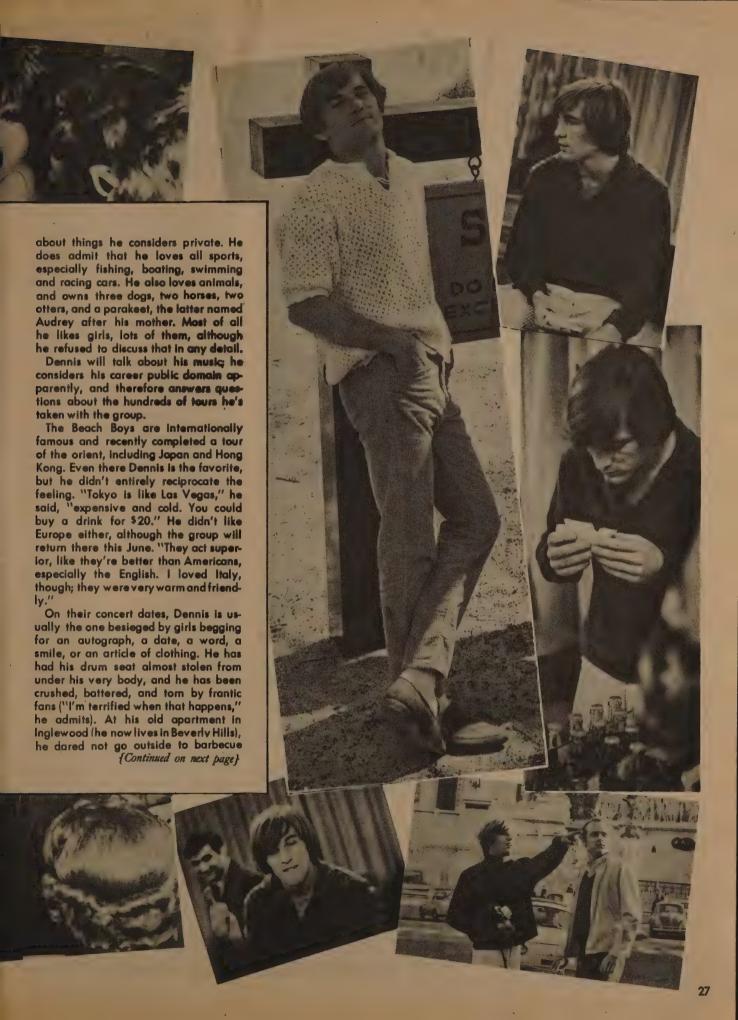
No one in the Wilson family-five years ago-was remotely interested in surfing or even knew anything about it, except Dennis. His enthusiasm, conversation, and original idea to form a musical "surfing group" led to brother Brian composing some tunes, getting together with other brother Carl, cousin Mike Love, and friend Al Jardine. Father Murry Wilson taught them harmony and managed their career for the first two years, also producing their records. Brian has now assumed production of all Beach Boy efforts (still composing and arranging their material); the Beach Boys are a corporation now, and each could retire and live comfortably off their past suc-

But Dennis Wilson still surfs, still drives hot cars, and is still single and fancyfree. As the most popular member of the Beach Boys (and the best looking, according to the majority of fans), his life has changed completely—and hardly at all.

It's difficult at best to get Dennis to commit himself to an idea, a probing analysis of his personality or appeal. He's polite, he smiles, but you know he's holding back. He just won't talk







Private Life of a Beach Boy-DENNIS WILSON {Continued from last page}

a steak lest fifty girls materialize on his lawn. "I love it when they scream at a concert, but I don't understand why they have to tear at someone. That bugs me."

Although Dennis won't discuss what "makes him tick," he is quite outspoken in his opinions-good and bad-of other performers. His respect and love for his family, especially Brian, is tremendous, but his professional and personal opinion of a few other pop groups is considerably lower. As a Beach Boy, Dennis feels he must maintain a certain public attitude; the Beach Boys are not rebels, and he believes it's important not to offend fans in particular, or the public in general. He considers this his responsibility as a well-known personality. Consequently, he cannot understand why some pop groups--notably the Rolling Stones--seem to insist on offending whomever they can.



Left, two famous drummers talk shop. Joe Butler and Denny got on very well at a New York concert. Backstage life isn't private, but he meets people.



On the other hand, Dennis is still very star-struck by famous people. When he sees movie stars in a club or restaurant, he cranes his neck to stare just as much as the non-show business person. One time he was at Dean Martin's house (Dean wasn't there) and was thrilled out of his mind. "I loved the idea of being there where he lived,"

This should not give the impression that Dennis goes out on the town looking for celebrities. You won't find his name in too many gossip columns because he lives within his own hilltop surroundings and a few close friends. He can now afford to do pretty much what he wants, when he wants (except when he's touring or recording), and he doesn't want a lot of publicity or

prying questions. He won't refrain from doing something he likes because he might be mobbed or recognized (like racing his Cobra at local drag strips), but he certainly doesn't go out of his way to be seen. As for his friends, they are from all ages, incomes, and professions. Dennis gives of his time. attention, and home to his friends; it's difficult to get to know him, but once a friendship is established it is a lasting

Dennis isn't really a loner, as some magazines have portrayed him. He always seems to have house guests, or people just dropping in to dip into the pool or ride his horses-and of course, to see him. It isn't the exciting glamorous life we like to imagine for teenage symbols, but it's the life Dennis Wilson has carefully guarded for his own.

OI JUST LET IT TAKE ME

(As recorded by Bob Lind/World Pacific) BOB LIND

Star bright, gypsy night Spring is on your breezes Young wiles, Friday's child Goin' where he pleases Coquettish blooming lilacs blow their perfume through the window Teasin' me and temptin' me to leave my restless limbo Some may call it wander lust Some may call it crazy I don't call it anything I just let it take me.

Dark blue slips in to closing skies at twilight Still streets hit my feet dancing towards midnight It's just the kind of night that brings a special kind of hunger Searching for the kind of love you had

when you were younger Some may call it wander lust Some may call it crazy I don't call it anything I just let it take me.

Soft winds rollin' in settle down upon me I'm bound toward the sound of something

just beyond me
Through the sleeping city with confetti
starlight falling

Staringn raining
Open-eyed and moving toward the distant voices calling
Some may call it wander lust
Some may call it crazy
I don't call it anything
I just let it take me.

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OHE

(As recorded by The Righteous Bros./ Verve) RICHARD MULLAN

JACK RICHARDS

He can turn the tides and calm the angry sea,

He alone decides who writes a symphony. He lights ev'ry star that makes our darkness bright

He keeps watch all through each long and lonely night. He still finds the time to hear a child's

first prayer.

Saint and sinner call and always find Him there.

HAPPY SUMMER DAYS

FARRELL . KUSIK . ADAMS

These are happy, happy happy summer days When the morning sun promises another

wonderful day

And good fortune is all along the way When your heart is filled with gladness 'Cause true love has come to stay

These are happy, happy, happy summer days.

Every kiss will take us to a new world we'll explore

When the one you love can show you what's behind the magic door

These are happy, happy, happy summer days.

Look around you, there's a rainbow in that watermelon sky
And the twinklin' of a million fireflies

Let your heart keep taking pictures That you'll share as years go by These are happy, happy, happy summer

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Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live, He'll always say "I forgive."

He can grant a wish and make a dream come true.

He can paint the clouds and turn the grey to blue.

He alone knows where to find the rainbow's end. He alone can see what lies beyond the

bend. He can touch a tree and turn the leaves

to gold. He knows ev'ry lie that you and I have

Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live, He'll always say "I forgive."

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SOLITARY MAN

(As recorded by Neil Diamond/Bang) NEIL DIAMOND

Melinda was mine til the time I found her holding Jim, loving him Then Sue came along, loved me strong That's what I thought, me and Sue, but that died, too.

Don't know that I will part until I can find me the girl that will stay And won't play games behind me I'll be what I am, a Solitary Man Solitary Man.

I've had it to here Being where love's a small word Part-time thing, paper ring I know it's been done Having one girl who will love me

Right or wrong, weak or strong.

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●OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, ●LITTLE GIRL DOWN

(As recorded by The Yardbirds/Epic) **GEOFF BECK** JAMES MCCARTY KEITH RELF CHRIS DREJA PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH Hey, hey, hey, hey Cars and girls are easy come by In this day and age Laughin', jokin', drinkin', smokin' Till I've spent my wage.

When I was young People spoke of immortality All the things they said were wrong Are what I want the Over, under, sideways, down Backwards, forwards, square and round Over, under, sideways, down Backwards, forwards, square and round When will it end When will it end When will it end.

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•LIL RED RIDING HOOD

(As recorded by Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs/MGM) RONALD BLACKWELL Ooh, who's that I see walking in these woods Why it's Lil Red Riding Hood Hey there, Lil Red Riding Hood You sure are looking good You're everything a big bad wolf could want Listen to me Lil Red Riding Hood I don't think little big girls should go walking in these spooky old woods alone.

Ooh! What big eyes you have The kind of eyes that drive wolves mad So just to see that you don't get chased I think I ought to walk with you for a way.

What full lips you have You're sure to lure someone bad So until you get to grandma's place I think you ought to walk with me and be safe.

I'm gonna keep my sheep suit on Until I'm sure that you've been shown That I can be trusted walkin' with you alone Ooh, Lil Red Riding Hood

I'd like to hold you safe and good But you might think I'm a big bad wolf so I won't.

Ooh, what a big heart I have The better to love you with, Lil Red Riding Hood Even bad wolves can be good Ooh, I'll try to be satisfied Just to walk close by your side Maybe you'll see things my way Before we get to grandma's place.

Hey there, Lil Red Riding Hood You sure are looking good You're everything that a big bad wolf could want. Copyright 1966 by Fred Rose Music Inc.

Bell) BOB GONZALEZ DON BASKIN Hey, little girl You don't have to hide nothin' no more You didn't do nothin' that hadn't been done before Little girl, thought she wouldn't get caught vou see She thought she'd get away with going

(As recorded by Syndicate Of Sound/

out on me Other girls did it, you didn't think of nothin' new You went out on me so other girls did

it too.

You can leave little girl I don't want you around no more If you come knockin' you won't get past my door You got nothin' to hide Everybody knows it's true Too bad little girl it's all over for you.

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EVEN IF I COULD

Dunhill) JOHN PHILIPS

Now I know just how you feel, it was real when I broke your heart
Now I know just why you cried when
I lied and I broke your heart Now I know just how you feel and I know that it was real Now I know just why you cried when I lied, I lied, I lied.

(As recorded by the Mama's & Papa's/

But I want it understood when it was it was very good
And I would not trade away, not a day even if I could No I would not trade away not an hour or a day

Tho' she's left and gone away even if

I could, even if I could.

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PLEASE TELL ME WHY

(As recorded by the Dave Clark 5/ Epic) DAVE CLARK MIKESMITH

I don't know why she won't love me Lord please tell me why Maybe it's that she don't love me Or could it be she's shy?

If she's shy then I'll understand I'll make the first move and hold her hand But if I'm wrong, then I'll be mad.

If she's happy she'll understand I value my love when not in her hands But if I'm wrong, then I'll be mad.

Da-da-da-da-da I've been trying oh so hard And she don't seem to notice I sit next to her in class She can't see my motive.

I don't think she has a boy If she has then I'm done 'Cause if he catches me with her I think I'll have to run. Copyright 1965 by Sphere Music Co., Ltd. Sole Selling Agent (entire world excluding U.K. and Eire) Branston Music. Inc.

•SWEET PEA

(As recorded by Tommy Ros/ABC) TOMMY ROE

Oh sweet pea, come on and dance with me Come on, come on and dance

Oh sweet pea, won't you be my girl Won't you, won't you, won't you be my girl.

I went to a dance just the other night I saw a girl there, she was out of sight I asked a friend of mine who she could

He said that her friends just call her sweet pea.

I walked on over and asked her to dance Thinking maybe later on of making romance

But every guy there was thinkin' like me I had to stand in line to get a dance with sweet pea.

I finally got to whisper sweet words in her ear

Convinced her that we oughta get away from there

We took a little walk, I held her close to me

And underneath the stars, I said to sweet pea.

Oh sweet pea, I love you, can't you see Love you, love you, love you, can't you

Oh sweet pea, won't you be my girl Won't you, won't you, won't you be my girl.

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I PUT A SPELL ON YOU

(As recorded by Alan Price Set/Parrot) HAWKINS

I put a spell on you Because you're mine You better stop the things that you do I ain't lyin', no I ain't lyin' I just can't stand it, babe The way you're always runnin' 'round I just can't stand it The way you always put me down I put a spell on you Because you're mine.

I put a spell on you Because you're mine
You better stop the things that you do No, no I ain't lyin' Said I ain't lyin' I just can't stand it, babe
The way you always try to put me down
I just can't stand it
The way you're always runnin' 'round
I put a spell on you Because you're mine Because you're mine.

I said I love you, I love you, I love you oh baby how
And I don't care if you don't want me
I said I'm yours, I'm yours right now
I put a spell on you Because you're mine I put a spell on you just can't stand the way you always try to put me down I put a spell on you, oh yeah I put a spell on you l put a spell on you. Copyright 1956 by Travis Music, Co.

by BYRD by BYRD



JIM McGUINN

Jim McGuinn's father and mother wrote a book called "Parents Can't Win," which is mostly true and who would have it otherwise? It was a best-seller and it took McGuinn and his parents around America when Jim was a mere lad but already prepared to absorb and observe the American scene.

The McGuinns were originally from Chicago and they now are settled there once more, which suits Jim because he likes the city and sometimes he drops in for a bottle of beer at 5:00 or perhaps 6:00 a.m. and his mother will get up instantly and wide awake and ask him how it is with him.

Twenty-three year old McGuinn leads the Byrds — that is to say he is understood and accepted to be the man who knows the direction in which the group must go. And, very likely, he will be nearly right on most things.

In McGuinn you can sense the authority in his bony presence and detect the alert severity behind the "Ben Franklin" glasses which he had made his own.

When you watch the group on stage, 'theleadership, gently imposed, is there to be seen.

He plays lead guitar — a powerful, soaring 12-string — and adores the pounding strength of amplified music al-

"I trust everything will work out all right," he replies blandly but without being as pompous as you might think. For this is always what he says and believes all the time and everywhere to everyone.

Idle chatter he doesn't countenance — he prefers, rather, in moods of eloquence and emanation, to pursue a metaphor relentlessly from its source in an uranium mine to full ICBM level and relate it at enthusiastic length to some musical endeavor or other.

though his background lies far away and long ago in the melodic nuances of an acoustic guitar played to quiet people in coffeehouses.

Watch him fly.



DAVID CROSBY

David 'Van Cortlandt Crosby was born in Los Angeles, California, on August 14, 1941, the youngest son of Mr.

and Mrs. Floyd Crosby.

His father was and is a well-known and skilled movie cameraman working for the major Hollywood studios, and his brother Chip is also in the entertainment industry.

David, his parents will tell you — and he won't deny it — was doted upon at home and it shows. He likes his own way and he loves being denied it. He appears never to be wrong but he frequently apologizes for not being right.

He is 5'9" and he weighs 140 lbs. without the leather cloak which has become his personal "thing" on stage and off, in heat or cold, on his motorcycle or in a rented Porsche.

The cloak is Crosby. It is chunky and aggressive, attractive and extrovert, self-conscious and mild. All these things. It is brown or green or both.

It is not an affectation. Nor is anything about Crosby. He is honest and there's not much about him you wouldn't notice within an hour or so. He is kind and, when he wants to be, very warm. If he doesn't want to be, he is direct, even rude.

by BYRD by BYRD

Musically he is open-minded, if to be open-minded you will be swayed by mood, influenced by other musicians or led by your inclinations.

He is pro-Dylan, though this wasn't always so, and pre-

sently very intrigued by Ravi Shankar.

From folk music (five years of fight and struggle and not much money) he came into rock 'n' roll as a Byrd. He plays rhythm guitar and his is the high voice you hear in the incomparable harmony on which the Byrds built their vocal reputation.

Like the rest of the Byrds, if Crosby doesn't like a song, he'll give you chapter and verse on why, but a couple of days later his capacity to be generous may cause him to say: "Hey, man. That song is a trip. Why don't we do it."

Everyone is working for something. Crosby is working to own a schooner. Not a big one, but comfortable enough to take a couple of dozen friends away into the horizon. A good man and important too.



CHRIS HILLMAN



MICHAEL CLARKE

Chris Hillman claims to have been a cowboy until he took up country music, and both careers represent elements surprising in a man who was born and brought up in California which is not notably cow country.

However, it is probably more important to say that he is an extremely good bass player and a very witty man.

He became an excellent mandolin player and now doesn't wish to discuss it at all because like all young people, his yesterday is yesterday and his today is now, and now is the only thing worth talking about.

Hillman, age 21, now fully committed to contemporary music and its expression on the bass guitar, has developed an intense desire to progress and to learn the full power and potential of the instrument.

This is quite clear on Byrd recordings which differ from other rock 'n' roll offerings in many respects — including the strength and melodic line of the bass sound.

On stage, Hillman is essential to the visual pattern of the Byrds, but he remains unaware of his physical importance and photographers have found it difficult to locate him in their lens. This is because he seeks a pillar or the edge of a stage and stands close enough to it to be concealed from some of the audience all the time and from all of the audience some of the time.

Which is interesting because at heart, Hillman -- like the rest of the Byrds -- is not a shy man. He has a calm self-assurance and a dry, benign wit which makes him an excellent companion if he feels like giving out.

Another quality in Hillman which is not apparent unless you know him well is that he has a capacity, very rare in young men, to establish a comfortable home.

The place where he lives in the hills over Hollywood is no pad -- it's a peaceful, charmingly furnished home, warmed by pine log fires and pleasantly hung with tapestries, collages and paintings.

For constant company, Hillman has selected two Siamese kittens whose demands, he says, are more easily met than those of the humans who dance attention upon the Byrds.

Blond and beautiful, tall and blue-eyed stands 21-year-old Michael Clarke, loved by every teenager who eyer saw him or heard of him. And with the languor of the ladies' man who is also a man's man, he's able to cope and keep his head in order.

Mike is off the streets. From New York a few years ago where he played in coffeehouses, without income or visible means of support beyond a capacity to find a bed and a meal when either seemed important.

Presently he lives for music, and if there were anything else he would rather do, it would simply be what he describes as "hanging out" in the sunshine with the big sea not too far away.

He once said the biggest influence in his career was the day he say R&B bands with long hair. And this may be true. The combination appealed to him because he was qualified in both respects.

Every group of any importance has one member who smiles for the rest.

In the Beatles it's McCartney; in the Stones it's Brian Jones. The Byrd smiler is Mike Clarke because it's effortless for him and meaningful and easy.

With not much experience and no clear sense of musical direction in the early days, Mike Clarke has become a majestic contemporary drummer.

He's nearly always hungry and thirsty and tired. There's not much apparent energy, but he can do without sleep for as long as he can stay awake.

But in the depths of the slumber that only the very innocent ever experience, he's not a man easily roused; and tentative chambermaids trying to introduce him, however gently, to a new day have had to scurry from hotel rooms all over the world as he lumbers and stumbles blindly, thick with sleep, from a bed he never wanted to leave.





THE Los Angeles



Paul Peterson adds his autograph to the others which are transferred onto stone blocks for facade of the Hullabaloo.



CLUB SCENE



Way, way back in the 1930's and 40's, one of the biggest nightclubs in Hollywood (and the whole world, for that matter) was the Moulin Rouge on Sunset Boulevard in the very heart of Tinseltown. It was famous not only for the celebrities who frequented it (paying famous prices for food and drink). but also as a tourist landmark. The facade of the building was covered with stone blocks on which were imprinted the signatures (autographs, if you wish) of many movie greats.

But all that was long ago, when movies were dreams and no one needed LSD. Today those names have little meaning for teenagers and their idols. This is especially significant because the Moulin Rouge is now a teenage nightclub called

the Hullabaloo.

It is probably the poshest teenage nightclub anywhere, including posh Hollywood. In fact, it's posher than most adult clubs. Bigger, too. And it's managed as a "class" establishment for young

people.

To give a brief impression of the club, you are first greeted by an attendant who assists you out of your car. You enter the foyer, which is all mirror on one side with the ticket booth in the center. From there you go up a flight of stairs, at the top of which is the famous golden statue that looks like a large ship's figurehead. You're still not anywhere near your table; first you have to cross the lobby (which can also



The names of Bo Diddley, Ian Whitcomb and Jackie DeShannon replace the names of famous movie stars.

(continued on next page)



double as a banquet room for daytime lunch bashes) and then look out and down into the club itself. Before you notice anything about color, decor, or whatever, you realize that it's big. Really big. It's like a concert hall with tables (which has been its purpose on occasion), and the floor is built on levels just like a theatre, leading down to eye-level with the stage. And then there's the stage itself. It has a revolving section in the center so that entertainment is continuous; it also has side stages (more like balconies) for featuring a special act.

The walls are shocking pink with black silhouettes of French landmarks (appropriate to the Moulin Rouge, but a bit out of keeping with the Hullabaloo). Suspended from the high ceiling are enormous photographs of giants in the pop music field: the Beatles, the Stones, Elvis, the Supremes, the Everly Brothers, and the Beach Boys.

The manager of this vast showplace is a soft-spoken young man named Gary Bookasta. He became involved with the club by way of his involvement with his Orange-Empire Record Company; in fact, the Palace Guard, who record for his label, are the featured attraction at the club, alternating performances with the guest stars.

The basic philosophy behind the Hullabaloo is simple and direct, but not too much in evidence elsewhere in Hollywood. The club is used to present bigname acts and local talent in a clean, healthy atmosphere. No dimly lit, smokefilled den of iniquity, the Hullabaloo serves no liquor and discourages scruffy clothing. Casual clothes are fine, as long as they are neat. There is dancing for anyone over 15 (because of a somewhat illogical zoning law), and soft drinks and food (sandwiches, pizza) at reasonable prices. General admission is \$1.50 (about half as much as the clubs on the Strip), with the up-front seats going for \$3.50 and \$2,50.



Gary Bookasta, far left, prepares the new names.

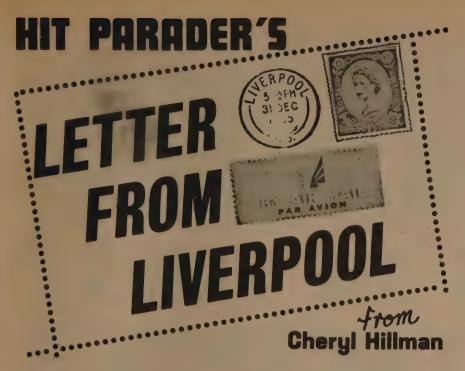
Since the Hullabaloo opened on December 8, 1965, some of the personalities who have graced the revolving stage include the Everly Brothers, Chad and Jeremy, the Yardbirds, Gary Lewis, Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Byrds, and the Turtles.

The capacity of the club is 960, but it can hold as many as 1400. Before the club was re-opened (it had been unused for a long time), about \$100,000 was invested in repairs and equipment, with about \$20,000 for the sound system alone. When that stage revolves, it carries a fantastic set of Vox amplifiers with it.

Many people (and not all of them old-timers) wax very nostalgic over the good old days of movie glamor, and to them the Moulin Rouge (they refuse to call it the Hullabaloo) is symbolic of that era. These people were not only offended, some were outraged at what they consider the recent "desecration" of the club. At the beginning of

this article we mentioned the stone blocks on the building. In a recent ceremony, celebrating the changeover in policy and entertainment, the names of such movie people like Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, Loretta Young, James Cagney and Tyrone Power were removed, and in their place were set the autographs of more current greats: Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, the Grass Roots, Joey Paige, Eddie Hodges, and several others.

Although the name and the clientele have changed, one thing does remain with the club-the glamorous atmosphere. The architecture, the large, open rooms, the decorations...all of it is still very reminiscent of a flashy movie past that has become a flashy musical present. Regardless of the various emotions involved in the changeover, one fact cannot be denied: the club is open, it's doing business, it's alive again. And it took pop music and teenagers to make it happen.



The big thing in England now is "op art". It isn't just an art fashion for painters to indulge in. It's embracing everything from music and films to hair and clothes. There's a sort of opera creeping into Great Britain, and it's being snatched up by the "mods" and everybody who wants to be "in." It isn't just a teenage craze, either. While op art is affecting the ideas of the very young (i.e. teens and twenties) to the extreme, nearly everybody is getting wound up in it.

Clothes

It started to hit the headlines with clothes. When Mary Quant, a leading fashion designer, first came on the scene, her clothes were revolutionary. Now we've accepted her kookie style of clothing as natural. Op art has taken us a stage further.

Girls are going for ultra-short skirts, and gypsy earrings. Girls' shoes are "see-through." Sling-backs. Open-toed. Open-sided. Open-fronted; or squared-off toe, and block heeled. Fave handbag is a little, square, black patent. Hair is cut geometrical, like Mary Quant's wearing hers now. Vidal Sassoon is the ladies hair stylist.

The boys are sporting short, mod hairstyles, like Who and the Small Faces are wearing. Boys are as fashion concious as girls. They now have their rules to adhere to as well. Metal buttons on casual jackets. Thick leather belts on low hipsters. Button-down front pockets. Check shirts. Girls are doing the sneaky trick of nosying round the mens rails in clothes shops and reading up about mens fashion in the magazines, so that they can tell which boys are "dead mod" and which haven't bothered. This has turned out to be a dirty, low-down,

brilliant, way of keeping the men on their toes!

Boutiques

Almost everybody who's anybody (with enough money and business drive!) is opening a clothes boutique. Like the Hollies. There are girls boutiques, and men boutiques. They sell only the very latest clothes. They have mod names, like Trend Boutique.

Music

In London a new club has opened called "Tiles." It's in Tiles Street. Top stars, like the Animals, appear regularly and cost to join is only ten shillings a year, and five shillings admittance fee each time you go. Tiles isn't just a beat club, though. It's more like a little teenage world. There's a beauty shop, a snack bar, and shops where you can buy all the latest gear.

There's a very "posh" club called Stripes only just opened in London. Membership fee is two pounds a year and admittance fee is ten shillings, so it isn't frequented by exactly everybody.

Latest thing here is a portable record player that carries on playing no matter what you do to it. You just slot the record in it, then turn it upside down or throw it round if the fancy takes you.

Films

We went overboard for the Knack. The story behind the film isn't anything - shy, young schoolteacher (Michael Crawford) wants to know the secret of success with women, so he asks his debonair, man-about-town, friend for advice. "Tush" (Rita Tushingham) walks into their lives, all innocence, and be-



That's what they're wearing.

comes the bait. But, the photography is fantastic. In fact, the whole way the film is handled is brilliant.

"In" person, Michael Cain is star of the film "Alfie." Cilla Black sings the title song. Michael Cain rose from the London slums - his father worked in a fish market - to become one of our top stars. He is a sincere person, with no illusions about himself or life. He doesn't boast, he has no gimmicks, and he's honest about himself. Sheer talent has taken him to the top, "Alfie" looks like it will be the biggest rave film of the op era. It's about a man called Alfie and the women he takes and leaves. He promises them nothing, but they delude themselves into believing that he loves them. In the end they learn that they can live without him and they leave him alone with his conscience and his scrubby Mongrel dog.

The Man

In every era there is the Man. I don't know about you, but over here, not to go back too far, we've had gorgeous Elvis swinging his hips, cheeky-faced Tommy Steel bounding about, Cliff Richard impersonating the-boy-next door, and the Beatles. We've also had numerous film stars; most of whom were all your fault. (That is subjects of the U.S.A.) For example, a celluloid Dr. Kildare used to woo us from Blair hospital at 8 o'clock every Thursday evening on B.B.C. television. The girls went into a fever over him, and the boys wished they were him or that they could poison him.

{Cont. on page 63}

PICKS THE STARS OMORR

PERCY SLEDGE THE SUNRAYS



THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT

The Shadows of Knight are all from Chicago's Northwest suburbs. They have broken all records for becoming popular in no time flat.

The first excitement waves came from a teen twist hall called The Cellar in Arlington Heights. Before The Shadows, the suburb was a quiet, calm, residential area where everyone lived quiet, calm, residential lives. By the end of the summer of 1965, the teen grape vine was humming with praise for The Shadows and the sidewalks in front of The Cellar were crowded with fans.

After a solid year of playing gobs of teen clubs, dances and hops (a gob is ten more than skads), a Big Man from a record company asked if the Shadows would like to make a record. The Shadows, all five, answered, cooly, "Yup, Big Man."

So their first hit, "Gloria," was born and released on the Dunwich label. People went nuts when they heard it. Local radio stations got more calls asking for that record than any other record in Chicago history. Disc jockeys turned cartwheels and practically swallowed their microphones with the excitement of it all.

What were The Shadows' reaction to all this? Coolness. They were calm; of course, one, when he first heard the group on the air, did jump for joy and hit his head on a low ceiling, but he never lost his cool.

The wall of screams that greet their performances still fascinate the guys. Jim Sohns, lead singer, likes the girls who shout their approval. Rhythm guitarist Jerry McGeorge is still a little terrified of the fans. "Think of standing up at a concert before thousands of girls who all want a little piece of your body,' he says with a shudder.

If you talk to record distributors about The Shadows, they will tell you that a group like this comes along only once every ten years. They will blurt out a string of adjectives like fantastic, fabulous and "out of sight" and, eventually, will stare blankly in front of them muttering about the amazement of it all.

Singer Jim Sohns, 19, is also a lyric writer. Extroverted, joking, full of energy, he is called "the little hairy"

wild man" by other guys. He likes welldressed girls who can fire his imagination. The other Shadows say he's a hypochondriac who, "if he's healthy for one solid week, is taken to a doctor to see what's wrong with him."

YOUNG RASCALS

Bassist Warren Rogers, 18, is the group's perfectionist who enjoys tinkering with electronics equipment in his basement. Besides fixing their equipment, The Shadows think he will one day invent something, come out of that basement and "Conquer the world." He likes his dates to be soft-spoken.

Jerry McGeorge, 20, rhythm guitar, is the group's neatnik. Everyone else shows up very casually dressed for performances and, because they can't agree on one working uniform, usually go on stage that way. Jerry, with every hair perfectly in place, appears in suit and tie. He, naturally, prefers his girls to be neat.

Tom Schiffour, 19, the drummer, is quiet and, when he plays, doesn't change his expression much. He is perpetually between girls. He says he hasn't yet found one he can really be happy with.

Lead guitarist, Joe Kelley, 20, is the group worrier. The tallest Shadow, he prefers his girls to be small and petite. If any of the other guys have problems they tell them to Joe and he worries about them. They call his hairdo the "sheep-dog" or "the nest."

THE YOUNG RASCALS

Fame came to the Young Rascals even before they made their first record for Atlantic, A sensational summer engagement at the Barge nightclub in Southampton in 1965 brought their rocking, driving sound to the attention of thousands of teenagers from the New York, Connecticut and New Jersey area, and created for them a following in the East equal to that of many well-established record stars. Their exciting sound, their ability to project rock and roll material with youthful enthusiasm and vitality, and the electric effect they had on their audiences, indicated they were the hottest of the new groups on the pop music scene. Their eye-catching costume: knickers, Lord Fauntleroy shirts, and peaked caps, added to the bright image they created with their music.

In October 1965 the Young Rascals proved they were no summer fad. They opened at New York City's newest and most atmospheric discotheque, Harlow's. For four weeks they had the crowds, both teens and adult, standing in line to get into the club. In November of the same year they opened at the Phone Booth, New York's new nightclub, and had their fans standing in line to see them all over again. On opening night at the Phone Booth, Young Rascals' fans jammed into the club including Herman and his Hermits, the Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan. Dylan, and the Rolling Stones, thought so much of the boys that they came back two nights in a row to hear them.



The Young Rascals were organized in January of 1965 when organist Felix Cavaliere, then with the rock group Sandu Scott and Her Scotties, decided to form his own group. He convinced drummer Dino Danelli, also with Sandu Scott, to join him. He selected his other two members, quitarist Gene Cornish, and percussionist Eddie Brigati from the Joey Dee band, a group with whom Cavaliere had played before joining Sandu. Eddie Brigati, at 18 years of age the youngest member of the group, was appointed the lead singer.

Once the group was organized, and named the Young Rascals, they secured their first nightclub engagement at the Choo Choo Club in Garfield, New Jersey. They were an instant success, and it was this first engagement that started the Young Rascals on their way. The owners of Ondine, the posh New York discotheque, were looking for a group to play at the Barge, the new nightclub they were opening in the summer resort area of Southampton on Long Island. They came out to hear the boys, listened, liked them, and set them for the summer at the Barge, and opened the door to their future success.

A young man who joined the group

as publicity agent when the Young Rascals was formed was Billy K. Smith. He had been handling publicity for Sandu Scott's group, and had done such an outstanding job that Cavaliere asked him to handle the Young Rascals publicity. It was Billy Smith who came up with the ideas for the Rascals' buttons, the Rascals' fan club.

Sid Bernstein, one of the country's top promoters (he produced the biggest concert in the history of show business, the Beatles, engagement at New York's Shea Stadium last summer), became their manager after hearing the boys at the Barge. Until he saw the Rascals. Bernstein had turned down all managerial opportunities to concentrate on promotions, but he felt so strongly about the boys that he decided he had to manage them. Bernstein, who is also talent co-ordinator for the NBC-TV Hullabaloo show, and Broadway producer Walter A. Hyman, now manage the Young Rascals together.

The Young Rascals are as young as their sound: Felix Cavaliere from Pel-ham, New York, is 21; Eddie Brigati from Garfield, New Jersey, is 18; Gene Cornish from Rochester, New York, is 20; and Dino Danelli from Jersey City, New Jersey, is 20.



THE SUNRAYS

They call themselves the Sunrays and if they keep turning out the hits they're going to be the brightest - and biggest - West Coast singing group to come along since the Beach Boys.

Oddly enough, the five Sunrays (Ricky Henn, Vincent Hozier, Eddie Medora, Marty DiGiovanni and Byron Case) were discovered by a Beach Boy. It happened while Beach Boy Carl Wilson and three of the Rays were attending Hollywood Professional School, Carl was so impressed by the group that he introduced them to his father, Murry Wilson, who had been one of the prime reasons for the Beach Boy's success. Murry was impressed, too. And, 30 days later they recorded their first disk which, according to Ricky Henn, "went absolutely nowhere.

It wasn't long, however, before the Sunrays did hit. Their second single for Tower Records, "I Live For The Sun," became a best-seller within a few weeks after release. The song also marked the beginning of a long string of highly successful personal appearances that included such cities as Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle (where they broke the attendance record at Exhibition Hall) and Phoenix. The fivesome have also made their presence known to television audiences with bookings on a number of TV dance shows and ABC-TV's Shindig.

All five of the Sunrays are native Californians. 18-year old Ricky Henn is from Westwood, he wrote and sang lead on "I Live For The Sun." The redhaired six-footer also plays the drums.

Vince Hozier, another 18-year-old, is from Pacific Palisades, sings harmony and emcees part of the Rays' in-person performances. The 6'21/2" entertainer plays bass guitar and his hobbies are cars and music.

Eddie Medora says that the thrill of his life has been recording and perstands just over six-foot, plays lead and rhythm guitar and sings harmony.

Marty DiGiovanni, another Palisade native, is 19-years-of-age, plays electric piano and is the shortest member of the group at 5'71/2".

Byron Case, 18, plays rhythm guitar (and drums) and sings harmony. He's 5'10" and has huge green eyes and a smile that really gets to the girls. He's the newest Sunray, but already he "fits" as if he had never done anything else.

Despite the fact that all five are from the Coast and are close friends of the Beach Boys, the Rays refuse to copy the Beach Boys. "We've got our own unique sound," says Eddie "and the kids dig it. Besides, you don't get anywhere trying to copy another group. Actually, what we're hoping for is that someday groups will want to copy us!" The way things are going, that day doesn't look far away for the Sunrays.

Mr. Murry Wilson is the Sunrays' manager and is understandably proud of his "new sons" and predicts a very bright future for them. So does everyforming. A native of the Palisades, Eddie one else who has seen or heard them!

THEWHO COMON

All of the members of The Who come from a tough section of West London known as Sheperd's Bush. The original members of the group are Roger Daltrey, the lead singer, and John Entwhistle, the bass player. They met when they were both members of a group called The Detours. Wanting their own scene to form their own group.

They were looking for a guitar player when they met a young man at a local coffee house named Pete Townshend. After listening to him play guitar, and cording studio in his father's garage, they decided he was for their new group. Townshend does more than play the guitar with The Who; he has written all the group's hits to date, including "Substitute," and is also a remarkable Who is drummer Keith Moon, who join-



The Who is one of the wildest acts and their own kind of music, they left on stage in the business. Lead singer Roger Daltrey spends most of his singing time dancing backwards and forwards, imitating whatever dances the audience is doing that particular night. He has a hard style of vocalizing which looking over his own home-made re he accentuates by hurling the microphone around and crashing it into the drums. Keith Moon is one of the most imitated drummers in England: he not only plays drums, he "attacks" them. He usually ends up after a date with a bunch of broken drumsticks. Peter showman. The fourth member of The Townshend is a unique guitarist who spreads his arms out and does a birded the group one night by jumping man with the guitar droning away, and on stage where they were performing often smashes his guitar, neck first, into and having a go on the drums. He the speaker to wring out all of the sound did so well he has been the group's he can get. So far, during his career with The Who, he has smashed fourteen

avitars. Bassist John Entwhistle is the quiet, moody member of the group who seldom moves, but as he points out, if someone didn't act as anchor the whole group would take off and fly.

All of the members of the group dig R& B, except Keith Moon. His taste runs to the California surfing sound, like the Beach Boys and Jan & Dean.

In addition to taking the record world by storm The Who have also had an effect on the fashion world. Pete Townshend started sticking and printing pop art symbols on his tee-shirts and sweaters and the rest of the group followed Pete's lead. This fashion was widely imitated throughout the record world in Britain, and was then taken up by the fashion world, which was soon massproducing pop art clothes for the rest of the nation.

B. J.



Billy Joe Thomas was born 21 years 14 he joined the church choir and sub- quite a name for themselves. B.J. wrote

sequently the choral group at High School, of which he became President. He decided to make singing his career because of his admiration for Roy Head, who was the leading singer in the area. He became friendly with Roy, and he made up his mind that one day he would become a great singer.

While in High School he began to sing with a group of boys known as the Triumphs. On week-ends they played ago in Houston, Texas. At the age of all the small towns in the area and made

a tune, "The Lazy Man," which was recorded and was a big record locally. Over the 4th of July week-end, B. J. and the group played at a State Park in Texas and Charlie Booth, President of Pacemaker Records, heard the group and B. J. He knew immediately that B. J. had the talent and the potential to make it. His first record, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," was an instant hit in Houston and was brought to the attention of Scepter Records: they bought the master and signed the artist.

COMON PERCY SLEDGE



Percy Sledge is the most dynamic new soul singer to arrive on the record scene in many years. His first record for Atlantic, "When A Man Loves A Woman," turned into a smash seller within a tew days after release and became one of the biggest pop and rhythm and blues hits of 1966. This one record catapulted Percy Sledge into the top rank of soul singers in the country.

Percy Sledge, who is 25 years old, has been singing since he was 15. He always wanted to be a professional singer, and worked toward this goal as he grew up in his hometown of Leighton, Alabama. About five years ago he turned prófessional and soon was singing with a group called the Esquires Combo, working in Alabama and Mississippi, and over the past few. years they spent many weekends playing at fraternity parties on the campus of 01' Miss.

A few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, Percy dropped in to see Quin Ivy at Ivy's Tune Town Record Shop in Sheffield, Ala. Ivy, an astute judge of singers after many years as a disc jockey (WMPS, Memphis; WKDA, Nashville, and WLAY, Muscle Shoals,

Ala.) listened to him sing, flipped over "When A Man Loves A Woman" and decided to record him immediately. Ivy and Marlin Greene (guitarist and recording man) joined forces to supervise Percy Sledge's session at Ivy's Norala Sound Studios in Sheffield. (Greene even played guitar at the session). No need to comment on how that session turned out -- it was a sensational success for Percy Sledge, Quin Ivy and Marlin Greene.

Percy Sledge's first album "When A Man Loves A Woman," which is being released in May, contains a powerful collection of soul songs performed in the warm, moving style that has brought both fame and fortune. He proves with his debut album that he deserves his new found success as one of the country's outstanding soul singers.

When DYLAN was in Advertising



"Uh - Mr. Sneed?"

"Yes, Sharpe?"

"Uh, Mr. Sneed, I wonder if you have a moment; I'd like you to meet our new copywriter..."

"Why, of course, Sharpe. Bring him

The door opens wider, and Group Head Sharpe ushers in a shy young man in an ill-fitting suit.

"Bobby, this is the President of our agency, Mr. Sneed. Mr. Sneed, Bobby Dylan, a bright young fellow who the personnel department says is just loaded with talent."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to meet any new member of our team, Bobby."

"Thank you, sir."

"Been in the ad game long?"

"No, sir. This is my first real job." "What exactly HAVE you been doing

up till now, if I may ask..?" "Not much - just writing songs now and then..'

"Just...writing...songs?"

Sharpe interrupts: "Yes, and they're very fine songs, too, Mr. Sneed. You can tell he really worked on them. Don't make too much sense but he's got quite a sense of rhythm.."

Sneed smiles a forced smile: "You're planning to use him on jingles, is that

"Jingles, ad campaigns, visuals, everything! We're going to float him at first, see where he fits in best. Then, when

we find his niche - he'll settle down to one or two accounts. Talent can work anywhere, I always say, Mr. Sneed, anywhere."

"Yes. Well, I'm a little busy as it happens. Nice to meet you, Mr....uh..."

'Dylan."

"Yes. Nice to meet you, Mr. Dylan. and welcome to S.H.L.O. and K. I know you'll be very happy here."

"Thank you, sir."

Big handshake scene, exeunt Dylan and Sharpe.

Two weeks later: much noise emanates from behind closed door of President Sneed's office. Sneed can be heard shouting at Sharpe:

"Hollis Brown? Hollis Brown? Go call that kid in here, I want to talk to him."

Sharpe calls Dylan in.

"Look, young man, we have just gotten this tremendous account - the Poverty Program - and you write something called, 'The Ballad of Hollis Brown?' We don't practice the cult of personality here, Mr. Dylan. We stick to tried-andtrue generalities; that's the only way to be universal."

"Yeah?" says Dylan.
"Yeah," says Sneed. End of scene. One month later:

"Sharpe!" Sneed roars. "I didn't say anything when that kidwentall romantic and dewy-eved with that 'Boots of Spanish Leather' for our footwear client...and I let him get by with all that obscure stuff when he wrote 'Gates

of Eden' for that new hotel in Miami.... but what's this, 'From a Buick 6'? Why, there isn't even a mention of the new Buick in it. Where does he talk about the features? Detroit's not going to like this, Sharpe - not one bit! Now get that Dylan kid back to the drawing board, and tell him to shape up. This is business, time is money, and neatness counts.' End of scene.

One month later still another explosion from behind the doors of President Sneed's office. Oh, this is loud. Vocal chords scrape against each other. Things get slammed down onto other things. People kind of creep by the hall outside. Louder and louder it gets, Sneed shouting at Sharpe, Sharpe answering back as best he can. Sneed slamming something down, Sharpe picking it up. Bam! Slam! Yell! Rant! The two voices reach a crescendo; suddenly Sneed's door flies open. Sneed is shouting:

"Mr. Tambourine Man??! Mr. Tambourine Man??! What is this guy, some kind of nut? Milton, WE'RE TRYING TO **SELL SOME TAMBOURINES HERE!"**

And thus endeth Bob Dylan's short career in advertising. That night hewent home and wrote a few more songs, and eventually he became quite a wellknown singer. But this was a little-known period in his career, and one I thought you might like to know about. It just goes to show you: you can't please all of the people all of the time.

But then again, who wants to, right?



Bob Lind is a thoughtful young writersinger who recently achieved success and recognition with a song called "Elusive Butterfly." Here in his own words is a brief discussion of his life, his music, and his attitudes.

I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, but since my father was in the air force we moved around a lot and I lived in different parts of the country. I finished school in Denver, so I consider that my home. I went to college at Western State in Gunison, Colorado for three years, but college never had much meaning for me. Like psychology, for instance. When you talk about people's minds it's interesting, but rats running around in cages, that's something else again.

When I was in college I wandered around the country a lot, but I never just traveled. I always had a certain place I wanted to go, even if it was the state fair. The mode of travel usually was determined by my financial state, so sometimes I hitchhiked. I always wanted to go and do something, which didn't set too well with college. My friend Mike Smith and I would take off together when we felt like it; when we were rich enough we'd go by bus.

After I left college I went to Denver and looked for singing jobs in coffee houses. The Analyst hired me; I guess you could say the guy who discovered me was Al Chapman, who ran the Analyst. He had me make a tape of five of my songs and he gave it to a distributor, but I didn't hear anything from him for a long time. While this was happening the coffee house scene was dying in Denver, so I went to San Francisco. I was in San Francisco about

three months when the distributor sent me back the tape and told me to play it for Dick Bock of World Pacific. He liked the songs and I signed a contract for recording and writing. A few other people have recorded some of my songs; Cher has, so have the Satisfactions, Chad and Jill, the Turtles. I think the Yardbirds will release one soon.

I started writing songs and playing the guitar when I was 11. I don't read music; there's just something in the back of my mind that keeps getting clearer and clearer and comes out all at once. "Elusive Butterfly" came after I was up all night. It was originally five verses, but only two are on the record. It was started when the sun was coming up, and I finished it about 10 in the morning.

The one exception to my usual pattern is "Mister Zero," a song in the album. That one took me about a week; I had the feeling for a long time, carried it around with me for about three months really. With that one I did write something down now and then, but I usually never do. I just sing the songs into a tape machine and Metric Music puts them on paper.

I know my songs have been compared to Dylan's, but I don't know about my similarity. I like his stuff. We're both primarily lyricists I guess; we both write poetic-type lyrics. I also like the Lovin' Spoonful and really love Sebastian's writing. They have the kind of simplicity and basic honesty and knowledge of certain scenes that comes off so well. I like Roger Miller too — there are so many people I admire. No one comes into his own style and can honestly say that it's all his very own. When I was young I listened to Burl Ives a

lot; when I was in college it was Ray Charles, then James Brown. Anyone in music has something they listen to that draws them to it. At first you try to phrase like they do, and sing the same songs. Eventually you've just got to say it's not a game where you compete, you have something to say your own way. Forget about categories and bags, then you start to free yourself. You draw from the things you have lived, not just the things you have heard.

People are bound to label you. I played rock and roll for a while. I like it, but no one can hear the words. I thought maybe felk singing was it for me, but folk singing was narrative, like about some girl who got drowned by her lover or something. It didn't have anything to do with me. At the time I was hung up with categories. I finally just started singing the songs I had written. I don't care what people call me. In the final result it just matters whether they like what they hear. If they do, fine. If they don't, there's not much I can do. What people think and say doesn't hamper you as long as you're not hung up on it. I just don't categorize myself. I'm not out to change anybody. All that matters is whether people like what I do, not whether it's a certain kind of music or not.

The things I am concerned with are the things that affect me directly. The people I know and their problems, the good times. Viet Nam is not real to me. I was in England when the Watts riots in LA happened. They weren't real to me, they were too far away. I can identify with stories and songs; they can get close to me. They reach me more than facts do. I'm very narrowminded I guess — I can ignore ugliness, or something that I think might not interest me. I don't go out of my way to meet people or understand things that don't relate to me.

I just want to have a good time. I don't want to be hung up on things that depress me. Anyone who says this is a happy world is either blind or neurotic, but you can see that there are certain beautiful things. Avoid the ugly and depressing things as much as you can. I love to be sad, but sadness and depression are two different things. Depression is when you're empty and you have no place to direct your energy. When you're sad you're full of something, an emotion. Depression is the absence of any emotion.

Memory is one of the most valuable things you have. A memory for feelings; things can remind you of someone, of the feeling you had for them. This is what most of my songs are, I guess. The memory of a person and the feeling I had about them.

"My life is simple and uncomplicated; I do what I enjoy most, and I hope I can keep on doing just that.

TOP DISC-JOCKEYS **Answer Your Questions**



Radio Station WCOL Columbus, Ohio



Nick Nickson Radio Station WBBF Rochester, New York



Jim Mitchell Radio Station KCBQ San Diego, Calif.



Dick Buckley Radio Station WKDA Nashville, Tennessee

I. Who are the top singers in your area?

1. The Dantes I would say are the number one.

1. Right now I think the Young Rascals are tops. The Beach Boys and Herman's Hermits are very strong by request and by sales.

say the Mama's and man's Hermits is the #1 Papa's. They are follow- group. They have the top ed hotly by the Righteous requested song. Brothers.

1. Well, I would have to 1. I think right now Her-

2. What do you think 2. There has been a the next trend in pop music will be?

change in the past 10 more. The people just change, but I couldn't say what it will be.

2. I think there might be more of a band sound like years and the music isn't the Tijuana Brass. Others really rock and roll any-ladd their sound to their own recording sessions. haven't realized the The kids are more choosy about the groups now, they're more discriminating. I also think there is a lot of sentimentality approach.

2. I think this trend will 2. Well, I think the mabe with us for quite a jor trend right now is while. I hate to commit country music. Because myself in saying what of the increase and numwill be next. I think there ber of country stations will be more songs that it influences the sale of have something to say records. whether it has to do with the problems of people, problems of age or race.

lyrics in some pop songs endanger the morals of the teen-

3. Do you think the 3. No, they are appar-lyrics in some pop ently aimed that way. It is more or less up to the person. Kids are hip and they know what's going on. I don't think the lyrics influence them.

3. I don't think that the teenagers really listen to the lyrics. We avoid playing songs with bad lyrics in them.

3. Yes, definitely, there 3. No, I don't think there is a strong trend toward are any songs that are radio and also Bob Dylan's songs and some of the Lovin' Spoonful's songs. I think many records are selling on the strength that the kids are in the know of this type of language.

that. For instance, "Rhap-sody in The Rain" which has been cleaned up for en't been exposed to.

4. What is your per- 4. I think rock and roll 4. I think Rock and Roll sonal opinion of rock is a good thing. I enjoy is good, it's fine. It creates & roll?

it.

fun and excitement. I think a lot of older people like it too. There has to be changing. Rock and Roll I think is now old hat. 1 think that something new is desired.

4. I love it. I think it is 4. I like it very much. a creative field. It has I am glad to say much of given birth to talented the English trend is bepeople. Rock and Roll is ling replaced with more the voice of a wholegen- American sound. But, I eration, not just pre- dolike it. teens, but the young adult.

NORMA TANEGA

Falking with Norma Tanega, who wrote and recorded "Walking My Cat Named Dog" is an amazing experience; this is a very unusual chick! Like, how many rock and roll people get their inspiration from Stravinsky, hmmm? And that's just the beginning:

"I was born in the middle of San Francisco Bay - it's TRUE! On Mare Island. My father is Filipino and my mother is Panamanian" - (which explains her exotically attractive looks) - "they live in Southern California.

"I live on the Lower East Side of New York, where it is REAL. My favorite hangout is the Ukrainian-American Bar on St. Mark's Place; I drink Polish vodka there. I love California because I surf there. But New Yorkers are much more friendly, because in New York you have to walk. In New York even the studious types listen to the radio. They have my records. New York is more honestlike Paris.

"Actually, I'm a painter" says Norma. "I have a degree in art history from Scripps, and an M.F.A. from Claremont. I've had two one-man shows in California. But I've always made music. My album is all original stuff. You either love it or hate it. I play banjo, autoharp, guitar, harmonica."

"The way I got started, a lot of my friends are teachers. One teaches an English class in Brooklyn. I say, What are you doing with your class tomorrow? She says, nothing much. I say, I'm gonna come and sing for you all day."

"Because nobody in the business would listen to me. So one of the kids at the school said, 'Hey, you should meet my P.E. teacher - he makes records.' So I laughed. But it was true; it turned out to be Herb Bernstein, of Genius, Incorporated. For seven years he was a P.E. teacher."

"So I went in, sang one song - JUST ONE SONG!" - (It was 'Jubilation') -"I guess I floored him. He took me to Russ Miller, Russ Miller said, "WOW! YAY! CLAP! CLAP! Come in tomorrow and make a demo and see how yousound." And then we signed a contract. And now I'm really tired."

"I'm going on tour now: North Carolina to Canada, 55 cities in six weeks." Big smile: "I'm the only girl on the whole tour."

"How did I get started writing songs? Well, I paint, and sing, and write, and the whole thing together comes out to be these songs. There's lots of classical



references in my music. It comes from Copland, Stravinsky, Khachaturian, Carl Orff. "No Stranger Am I" has changes of rhythm like Copland's 'El Salon de Mexico.' I wanted to write like that, but I'm not trained, so I write songs instead. I write on the guitar, and somebody else takes down the notes.

"One of my big favorites is, "I'm Dreamin' A Dream.' It's on the album. My next single is, "A Street That Rhymes at 6 A.M." Time is becoming a big

thing in songs.

Am I a folksinger? I don't know what I am. Does it matter? Mainly I like to sing for live people. It's like making love - en masse. I love Pete Seeger; he moves more people than anybody else in the world. I'd love to be able to do that!"

Other people Norma Tanega loves: The Beatles, the Andrews Sisters, Alfred Deller, Peggy Lee, Vincent Van Gogh, Robespierre, Franz Kafka, Dostoyevsky, Isadora Duncan, Carl Millis, Barlach and Greta Garbo. The things she hates are: war and coconuts.

"I've had nothing but good experiences. I love teenagers better than anybody; they're practically the only people who will tell you the truth. Wait, there's one old person...a lady who's 77 who plays the harmonica. I went to visit her - she lives in California - and she brought her harmonica out; she was really blowing, really working...!"

We started talking about Europe. "You want to go to Europe with me? I went on three days' notice once. Hitchhiked all over France and Spain. It's very scary to be in Paris all alone. I was in the train station there, and I didn't know what to do or where to go. Try telephoning in Paris sometime; even if you know French the operators talk so fast you can't understand them. I didn't even know how to phone! They have these special coins you have to use.

"Finally I went to a place where all the American Army men were going. They tried to help me. It all worked out eventually.

by

Jane

In Barcelona there's a huge cathedral - Sagrada Familia - they've been in the process of building for ten years. It's by Antoine Gaudi, the art nouveau man, and it's a very spooky place, with all weird colors and lacy towers. It opens at three; I was there at two, I'd had to hike to get to it, and I had mud dripping all over me. There are four or five towers, and you can climb up into these towers. So I climbed into one. I kept going up...and up...and up...and up, these narrow steps...and you'd turn a corner and there'd be a huge tower staring at you...and you'd look out and there, way, way below, would be Barcelona...and you'd still keep climbing up, and up, and up...

'And all of a sudden, something happened. I KNEW I was alone. I mean, it was a special feeling. You have to climb a tower or something to really feel that

way. Wow!

"I've been back and forth across the country several times, too. Once I went across in a pickup truck - this big hunk of aluminum - with five of us in the front. Me, my roommate, who is also named Norma, David Dorfmann, and my two cats, Ishmael and Dog. Yes, I really have a cat named Dog, because I've always wanted a dog.

"I've never been interviewed before," Norma says happily, putting on her coat to go, "this is all a lot of fun." Then she talks about how great it's going to be staying in hotel rooms in 55 cities.

"Actually, I always wanted to build bridges, because bridges are the most beautiful things there are. I even studied architecture.

Very unusual girl, Norma Tanega. I don't know how you feel about her and her music - but we, at Hit Parader thought she was fascinating.



You say your hair is short and you like it that way, and you like school and don't want to drop out, and you get along swell with your family and everybody else you know, and you've got good posture, and speak good English? Relax, friends, there's a place for you, too - look at The Cyrkle, whose first Columbia record, Red Rubber Ball, was an instant hit.

Cleancut Tom Dawes is 21, from Albany, has an English name ("That's what I've got going for me"), likes hot dogs, seances, and polkadot shirts. He was maladjusted for a while, but he's okay now.

Cleancut Don Danneman is in the Coast Guard, considers himself conservative, and has a degree in industrial engineering. "I like the Coast Guard," he says, "If I say nice things about them, it might get me out of sea duty." Cleancut Marty Fried wants to be rich and famous. He likes electronics and

Cleancut Earl Pickens is a medical student at the University of Chicago, and the only married Cyrkle.

They got together at Lafayette College in Eastern Pennsylvania. "We were having a freshman mixer, and the band took a break, and Tom - who is a hamplugged in his amplifier and started to play. Don - not to be outdone - ran upstairs, got HIS guitar, and did the same thing. People really liked it. So we said to each other, "Hey, maybe we can get their money." One of the group was going with a girl and didn't have much time, "But as soon as she shot me down I was really free," and that was when the Cyrkle "became," as the Vita Herring man says.

Only they weren't The Crykle then, they were the Rondelles. "Along with about 6 or 7 other groups. People would come up to us and say, 'Hey, are you

the Rondelles from Virginia Beach?' 'No, we're the Rondelles from Pennsylvania. Eastern, Pennsylvania.'' How they got to be The Cyrkle is a very interesting story and we will come to that in a little while.

"We started playing at colleges. We used to do wild hippy things; we'd leap around from the bandstand to the bar. One time I" (Tom) "fell, and slammed a guy's face right into his beer. And we kept right on playing." Incidentally, most of these quotes are from Tom Dawes, who is the talker in the group, the others are from Don, one or two from Marty, and none from Earl.

"Two summers ago we played 90 days straight, 7 hours a night, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. This was in Atlantic City, for our boss, Simon Le Blumberg, who took showers with a cigar in his mouth."

So they were working in Atlantic City, and a New York lawyer named Nathan Weiss happened to hear them. "Nate was the fortieth person to discover us. One was a shoe salesman. He'd take us out to dinner and we'd end up paying. He'd say, 'I'm going to take you to Louie Lump-Lump in New York. Then one day we saw him in this shoe store, selling shoes."

"That's why, when Nate mentioned that he had a friend named Brian Epstein, we were skeptical." But they really are friends, and when The Rondelles, Cyrkle had made some tapes, Weiss took them and a photo to Epstein. Epstein took one look at the photo and tossed it aside. "Too cleancut," he said.

"Then he heard our tapes. He said they were unprofessional but showed some qualities. Boy, did they show some qualities. We'd made them in our cellar, and in one spot you can hear a toilet flushing in the background." "It was Brian Epstein who suggested we change our name to The Cyrkle. The spelling is John Lennon's." As Nathan Weiss says, Epstein is directing the future of the group, which is comparable, I would say, to having Bernard Baruch directing the future of your investments.

P.S. - That's Brian Epstein playing tambourine on 'Red Rubber Ball.'

Weiss put them into Trude Heller's and The Downtown...lots of people like John Simon of Columbia and the aforementioned Epstein came to hear them. 'Red Rubber Ball' got recorded, there's more recording scheduled, and a tour in June. Things are looking upl

Any advice for the people? I asked. "Yes-get money for amplifiers. Seriously: in college we had to imitate a lot of people, but it's good for people to sit around and get their own thing going. Get an identity going. We haven't one yet, but we're a lot closer to it. 'Red Rubber Ball' is indicative." (Paul Simon wrote it, Tom "bollixed" itup. The Cyrkle write most of their own songs, though; "more money that way."

What does one need in order to succeed? "Togetherness, a good manager, talent and creativeness. You don't need to be tight, because you can splice it up. But you have to be friends with each other," Tom says, "I can't see working without that."

I was nearly ready to finish the interview. "I notice Earl, the medical student, is very quiet," I said, "doesn't he ever say anything?"

"Say something, Earl."

"Protozoa."

That's a terrible place to end an article, isn't it? So I'll add this: keep your eye on The Cyrkle, because everybody from Brian Epstein on, down, thinks they're the group with the most potential for b-i-i-i-g success.

MAKIN' MOVIE MUSIC (CONT. FROM PAGE 13)

The most impossible tuba sounds ever played. A buil elephant in mating season - Keystone cops at half time. Everyone is in tears. Even the engineer who has heard everything. The other Spoonful are trying very hard not to laugh. It's not working very well. Butler is pounding the bass drum with a pained expression on his face. John is playing harp in between laughs. Somehow they get it down on tape. They listen to a playback and the insanity starts all over again - especially Zal who goes into a fit of coughing, he's laughing so hard.
"Jack," he says, "I gotta play the wretch
horn once more."



On to "The Wedding Scene," The guy who sang "Nobody Knows" is witnessing the marriage of a chicken to a cobra. John watches the scene and picks up his guitar. The cobra waves to and fro and a dissonant cello scrawls out "The Wedding March." Wait a minute! Where is that cello coming from? Sebastian is playing a guitar. It is John, of course --- scraping the lower strings with a pick. "We had a Koto player for this scene" says Jack, "but he got a better job at a Japanese restaurant.

Now "The Snake Dance." A handful of lethal cobras have been set free in the cellar and they're gliding across the floor towards the hero and his girl still tied to the chairs. They have already recorded the music for this one. Real weird and scary. Sort of oriental with Zal doing wow-wow things on guitar. John crawls inside the piano and Jack overdubs him strumming the piano strings. The scene is played back with the music and is it ever scary! Well how would you feel with a bunch of



A cleaning lady dusts off John's harmonicas.

cobras moving toward your legs? John and Zal make animal faces at each other. Suddenly one of the cobras strikes, but the hero manages to kick if just right and it goes flying into a power wire. When it hits - Whamo - there's an electric explosion and Jack wants music to go with that. John gets his autoharp and combines plucking and strumming to make it sould like electric sparks all over the place.

Jack wants Zal to do a "first view of snake" sound. "Zallie, one note-one string," says Jack. "Do you know what a strain this is on me" says Zal? He makes four different sounds that bend around and echo. Jack will choose the best one.

"Now we'll watch the gun fight scene" says Jack, "I want a different version of 'Pow' for this -- roll it." The bad guys have the hero cornered in an alley and just like a rooty-tooty cowboy he runs out into the open blasting away with his pistol - does a summersault fires up, down - left, right and all the bad guys catch lead..."ugh...agh." John says, "I think Joe should play nonrhythmical drums. He can watch the movie while he does it."

Joe is in the studio all alone with the lights off. The movie starts..."ratatat-tat-pow"....everybody jumps with their ears shot off...."bam-bam-rata-tat" ...it works beautifully. Joe even throws in some real gun shots right on time.

The real, real bad guy - Wing Fat gets it too. He grabs his gut and his pistol hangs from his finger. He staggers into a big circle of light - teeters back and forth and flops on his face.

"See that?" says Jack "Just as Fat grabs his gut I want some music. But I don't know what I want. Any ideas?" Zal, who gets ideas for everything says, "How about 'There's No Business Like Show Business?' "That's beautiful" says Jack. "But Irving Berlin'll charge us 5,000

dollars." "I know" says Zal. "I'll play the wretch horn again. C'mon Jacklemee play the wretch horn."

"No, we already did that."

"I got it" says Zal.
"What, what" says Jack.

"We all gotta do this. Everybody. John - you and Steve go oom pa pa-oom pa pa and everybody esle'll hum the melody to "The Loveliest Night Of The Year." It'll be like a carnival for the death scene.

"Beautiful" says Jack.

It's already after 2:00 a.m. Tito Puente peeked in the studio door with a pork pie hat on his head. A small army of cleaning women started to clean-up. While Zal babbled on, everybody lifted their feet so the cleaning ladies could sweep the floor.

"C'mon" says Zal. "Everybody has to do this."

So we all march down and gather around the mike and the cleaning ladies are pushing brooms through the studio. The film starts and Jack says the cue is when Wing Fat grabs his gut. Everybody goes oom-pa-pa and I hum the melody and Joe and Zal yell the melody with lady opera voices, Insanity, Everybody laughs like mad again. Nobody hits the cue at the right time. Jack gets a flash light and instructs everyone to sing the minute he turns it on. Everybody is snickering. He turns it on. Nobody says anything. "No, no" yells Jack screaming with laughter, "You got to start when the light goes on." Again. The engineer forgot to roll the tape. Again. The cleaning ladies ask if we'd lift our feet. Tito Puente and the band see that the lights are off in the studio so they march in.

"Ok" says Jack. "We'll do it tomorrow."

"Can I play the wretch horn Jack? Can I, huh."

"Goodnight everybody. Good morning. Tomorrow, we'll do it."□

I SAW HER AGAIN LAST NIGHT

(As recorded by The Mama's & Papa's/ Dunhill) JOHN PHILIPS DENNIS DOUGHERTY

I saw her again last night and you know that I shouldn't

To string her along, it's just not right
If I couldn't, I wouldn't
But what can I do, although it's true
And it makes me feel so good to know
she'll never leave me

I'm in way over my head, now she thinks that I love her She knows that's what I said

Though I never think of her.

Everytime I see that girl You know I wanna lay down and die You know I really need that girl Know I'm livin' a lie Makes me wanna cry.

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COME WHAT MAY

(As recorded by Eivis Presiey/RCA Victor)

I am your's and you are mine Come what may
Love like ours remains divine Come what may.

Even though we're miles apart You're living in my lonely heart At night the teardrops start And fill the long long day.

I've got your picture near me since you went away I plant a kiss upon your lips each night and day.

Bear in mind that you will find A heart that is true And I'll be here for you Come what may. Copyright 1957 by Tiger Music,

Publishers. **•DAY FOR DECISION**

(As recorded by Johnny Sea/Warner Bros.)

ALLEN N. PELTIER

The other day I heard someone say:
"You know, America is in real trouble"
It's true. Old Glory has never fallen so close to earth.

Our embassies are being stoned; our diplomats are often in fear of their lives; and we're involved in a half

dozen nameless, winless conflicts, spilling American blood on foreign soil.

Our young men are dying for ideals which don't seem to mean too much to Americans anymore.

The truth, America's real trouble doesn't lie in the rice paddies of Viet Nam, in the masses of Red China, or in the diabolical intrigues to the south of us.

The real trouble lies in the playgrounds
of St. Louis, the hillside mansions of
San Francisco, and in the slums of

Chicago.

The disease which is slowly eating away at the heart of America lives in the small southern towns, the fishing villages of New England, and in the hot, dusty streets of the Midwest.

This is the age of the American cynic, the year of the unbeliever, the day

of doubt.

We've killed all the sacred cows and destroyed all the images, and there's nothing left to respect. Old fashioned love of God, country and family is

We stare at our shoe laces when they play the National Anthem.

We wouldn't want to be seen at a political rally or a Town Hall meeting, and we don't want to be caught with our eyes

closed during public prayers.
We've decided that the only way you can get in public office is to buy it.
Our heroes are the fast-guys who get

away with things. Patriotism, the old hand-over-the-heart, flag waving marching singing patriotism has been condemned.

Think about this: Patriotism, when you tear away the fancy phrases and crepe paper, is plain and simple pride; a new car, prettier girl, bigger house, sort

of pride in your country. Somewhere along the way we've lost that pride.

Our form of government is the same; we still say America stands for the same things; but next time you're at a party,

ask someone to sing America with you and see what happens. The basic ideals and structure of America hasn't changed; we have, you and me.

Our enemies know it. They've seen the news-reels of the discontented marching around the capitol. They've distorted and blown up our mistakes; they've been putting steel wedges in the cracks in our wall of solidarity.

The new idea is: "Don't attack America. wear it down gradually; it'll eventually fall under the weight of its own corruption.'

And did you know; It's working.

And did you know; It's working.
This sneering complacency, once stamped out by the bloody feet of a tattered Continental Army in 1776, once drowned beneath the keel of the U.S.S. Arizona in Pearl Harbor Bay, has risen again. This deadly "Let-George-Do-It" attitude lights the way for the Viet Cong in the swampy jungles of Viet Nam.
This "Better-Red-Than-Dead" cancer is more feared by the American soldier

more feared by the American soldier than all the Communist mortar shells;

it kills the vitality and spirit of America Democracy is a frail and fragile instrument made of hope, prayer and Yankee in-genuity. It is held together by flag-waving patriotism, and we've almost exhausted our supply of it.

Try this test. Lift your eyes to a flag, then sing out as loud as you can that old, outworn, antiquated freedom hymn

you learned so many years ago:
"For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!

America! America! God shed His grace on thee!"

Now if you feel a little pride welling up inside you, if you feel a little mist in your eye; Then, Thank God for you,

You're still an American. © Copyright 1966 by Moss Rose Publications, Inc.

•5-D

(As recorded by the Byrds/Columbia)
JIM MCGUINN You said I could come out to here and be still floating And never hit bottom but keep falling Just relaxed and paying attention.

All my two dimensional boundaries were gone
I had lost them badly I saw that world crumble and thought I was dead But I found my senses still working And as I continued to drop through I found all surroundings To show me that joy innocently is

Just be quiet and feel it around you.

And I opened my heart to the whole And I found it was loving And I saw the great blunder my teachers had made Scientific delirium madness Ooooooooooh I will keep falling as long as I live or without ending will remember the place that is now that has ended before the beginning.

You said I could come out to here and be still floating
And never hit bottom but keep falling through Just relaxed and paying attention. Copyright 1966 by Tickson Music

•WHOLE LOT OF SHAKIN' IN MY HEART

(As recorded by The Miracles/Tamia) FRANK WILSON
Oh oh, I can't explain the things you do to me But I'm sure there's an explanation Maybe it's the way you carry yourself Or maybe it's your conversation You've got me tiptoeing on a cloud Afraid that I might fall through And hit rock bottom too soon to be forgotten like so many other people do I need you to help me convince myself that besides me there's no one else 'Cause I feel a whole lot of shakin' in my heart since I met you, girl
Don't you know I feel a whole lot of
shakin' in my heart since I met you.

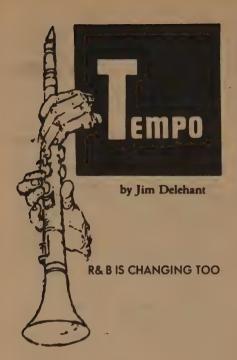
Because I used to run around, they tall me I've changed and I'm actin' kinda But they don't realize that since I met you My whole life has been re-arranged

You make me feel kinda insecure 'Cause my heart I can no longer control Now you've got me rockin', jumpin' and stompin'

Don't know which way I'm suppose to go My heart is all tied up in knots

I walk around in the state of shock 'Cause I feel a whole lot of shakin' in my heart since I met you, girl
Don't you know I feel a whole lot of
shakin' in my heart since I met you,

^o Copyright 1966 by Jobete Music Co., Inc.



One of the most exciting instrumental groups in rhythm and blues is the King Curtis band. For the past 4 years, the backbone of the driving rhythm section has been drummer Ray Lucas.

Born and raised in New York City, Ray was always playing on garbage cans. He took wooden coat hangers apart to make drumsticks. A job in a shoeshine parlor owned by a drummer furthered his interest. He never had any formal training. "The first thing I learned about drums was how to set them up," he recalls. After odd jobs drumming here and there, he made his first recording date with Baby Wash-Ington. He's since recorded with Mongo Santamaria, Illinois Jacquet, Bobby Timmons, Kenny Burrell, Jack McDuff, Chuck Jackson, the Shirelles and, of course, the leading R& B saxophonist King Curtis.

This is what he had to say about being a rhythm and blues drummer;

Jazz and rhythm and blues are not very far apart. They're two styles of music, but very much parallel to each other.

In R& B you play more or less definite patterns, but in jazz you have more freedom for improvising. However, rhythm and blues has changed in the last several years. There's a greater variety of patterns you can play. In the early days there was one rock 'n' roll beat which was played on almost all of the tunes, whether they were slow or fast. You don't hear that loud, harsh backbeat anymore. The music has a lot more interest in it.

For example, listen to Dionne Warwick. You can't actually call that rock 'n' roll or rhythm and blues. It's a change.

Today you have to be much more of a musician. Many R&B drummers

- myself included - haven't learned the full capacity of reading music. Seventy per cent of my playing ability depends on my ear. But now I've been called on a few recording dates where reading was necessary.

There is a lot of music to be played in R&B. It's not what people call junk and garbage music anymore. It's really captivated my interest. Rhythm and blues is here to stay...it's a part of our musical culture.

The average R&B artist can and often does play jazz. But R&B has a wider coverage — It reaches more people. Jazz will never lose its value, though. It's like popular and classical music — one will never outdo the other. Both thrive together. One is a little deeper and stronger than the other, but there's an audience for both.

A good example of the similarity of jazz and R&B is Slide Hampton, a top jazz musician, leading the Lloyd Price band. Not only has Slide made the transition, but he's applied his jazz to R&B.

Horace Silver, in his last 3 or 4 recordings, has been 80% in the R&B feeling...yet it was still in the Horace Silver style of jazz.

My greatest experience has been the last 4 years working with the King Curtis band. I've had a chance to play not only rhythm and blues but all idioms of music—jazz, cocktail music when it's called for, rock 'n' roll, dance music.

There's one thing that will never change — as long as people live they want to dance. It covers all classes of people. There always has to be a beat — and rhythm and blues.

Some of the influential people in R& B today are Dionne Warwick, a favorite of mine, and the guy who arranges her music. Her influence is felt in England. Chuck Jackson, Ben E. King and Jerry Butler are big contributors to R& B.

Another big contributor and favorite of mine is Ray Charles. We were working at the Latin Casino in Camden, New Jersey opposite Ray for 10 days. There were 4 shows a night. I was so enthused and excited by him that I saw 40 shows. I learned automatically just by listening. I only wish I could sing!

Among drummers I like Tony Williams, of the new Miles Davis, group. He has a fresh, brand new style. He's dynamite. If he ever gains the full acceptance of musicians and the general public - which I think he will - you'll hear a lot about him.

Some of my early influences were, and still are, Max Roach, Philly Joe Jones, Charlie Persip and Elvin Jones. One drummer who's not too well known is Al Foster. He's with Blue Mitchel and Junior Cook. If you ever get a chance, drop in on them wherever



Ray Lucas, drummer with The King Curtis Band, relaxes between shows outside the Apollo Theatre in New York.

they're appearing. He's very very good. Rufus Jones is a complete drummer.

My favorite big band is Count Basie's, and I've always been an admirer of his drummer Sonny Payne. He has a lot of flash, but he plays good. Though a lot of musicians today - especially R&B musicians - don't realize the essence of real jazz and big bands and don't seem to understand or accept Duke Ellington, he is one of the world's greatest. Beyond being the greatest, he has a superb band. It surpasses anything that is happening today.

In the music business today, it's not who you've studied under or what you've been, but what record you have and will it sell.

When the Beatles first came out I didn't like them at all. But 1 listened to them and they're very good. I learned a lot from some of their tunes.

I'm very fortunate to be here at a time like this when so many trends are coming and transitions are being made. I'm pretty fortunate to be able to see them and to comprehend some of them. They're something new between the Dionne Warwick and Beatle styles coming about.

I would like to complete myself as far as being a good drummer...to be more definite and more precise in my playing ability...and maybe one day have my own band.

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BEATLES' U.S. TOUR

 ${\sf S}$ urprisingly, promoters sponsoring the Beatle tour this summer declare they're having a rough time getting rid of tickets. So there's no excuse if you miss them this time ground. Tickets are now on sale at the box offices of the stadiums they will be appearing at and for your convenience we list them below.

> **AUGUST 12** CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL AMPHI THEATRE

AUGUST 13 DETROIT **OLYMPIC STADIUM**

AUGUST 14 CLEVELAND, OHIO MUNICIPAL STADIUM

AUGUST 15 WASHINGTON THE STADIUM

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AUGUST 17 TORONTO MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

AUGUST 18 BOSTON SUFFOLK DOWNS RACE TRACK

AUGUST 19 MEMPHIS THE COLISEUM

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Hit Parader OROSCOPE

ROSCOPE by Larry Sohmer

THIS MONTH'S PEATURED STAR GEORGE HALLISON

The most significant thing about George Harrison's horoscope is the presence of Venus, favorably aspected, in his birth house, Pisces. Venus is not only the bestower of charm, but is also the patroness of the arts. Pisces individuals reach their greatest potential in the development of an artistic talent. Thus it is not at all surprising that George is reportedly the finest musician of the four Beatles, and it is entirely within the realm of possibility that he will one day attain his announced ambition of becoming a fine classical guitarist in the Segovia tradition. As for the gift of charm from Venus, you may be sure that under the rather calm exterior of this youngest Beatle there dwells a most ingratiating personality, one seldom displayed in public, but readily apparent to his intimates. There is always the danger, of course, that one so endowed, may finally come to trade on charm as a way of life. Will George fall into this honeyed trap? Not likely, and a further analysis of his chart tells us why.

The planetary rulers of Pisces are Neptune and Jupiter, and it is an extraordinary fact that both planets, in George's chart, are retrograding, usually a sign of trouble. However, certain present-day astrologers have determined that when Jupiter, the luck and money plant, is retrograding, it does not signify trouble, but rather sudden wealth and quick fame. This is certainly borne out in George's case. By the same token the retrograde Neptune we find in the chart may well reverse the rather chaotic life patterns so often encountered among Pisces individuals. A further item of interest — George was born with the Moon in Scorpio, a factor which contributes further to the overall personality. Physical magnetism is frequently the downfall of Moon in Scorpio persons — they have too much of it, and because of this can "get away with murder." On the other hand, they have a magnificent intuitive sense, and unusual perseverence. This undoubtedly accounts for George's inquisitive mind and studious habits.

Signs of discord have been found previously in the charts of the three other Beatles, indicating that one might leave the group during the year ahead. No such situation shows up in George's aspects, so we may assume he will be involved in dissension. Will the recent marriage to actress Pattie Boyd be a success? The chances are more than good. Life for the two is under a Mercury influence, as is George's career in general. This means that domestic life will be quite lively for the pair, but as the over-all picture is one of harmony, it is extremely unlikely that the marriage of these two personable young people will turn sour.

To be specific about the immediate future, there will be a gradual adjustment to a change status. After all, George is now rich and famous, and this takes getting used to. Aspects in his chart say he will make the transition without difficulty. Blandishments of fair-weather friends will have little meaning for a lad like this, who is inclined personally to be somewhat disconcerted by the limelight. One big thing in George's favor is that he, of all the Beatles, is active in the very field closest to his heart - music. Music, for many Pisceans, is the very breath of life, hence in the years ahead George is not likely to change professions, as the other Beatles may do. According to his signs as we read them, this clever young Beatle will enjoy a long life filled with interest, barmony and affection. But no matter how interesting his later years, you may be sure that nothing happening to him, no matter how spectacular, is ever going to top the frenzied episodewhen George, as one of the Beatles, was catapulted into as fantastic a success as the world has ever seen.



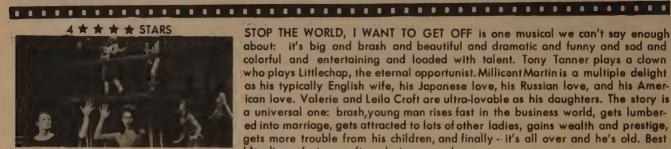
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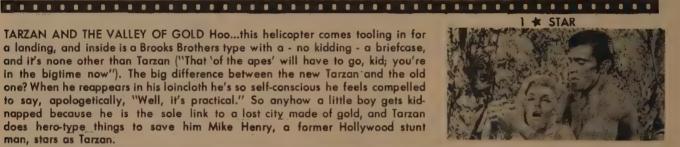
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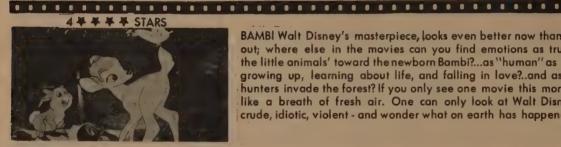
FIVE MOVIE REVIEWS



STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF is one musical we can't say enough about: it's big and brash and beautiful and dramatic and funny and sad and colorful and entertaining and loaded with talent. Tony Tanner plays a clown who plays Littlechap, the eternal opportunist. Millicent Martin is a multiple delight as his typically English wife, his Japanese love, his Russian love, and his American love. Valerie and Leila Croft are ultra-lovable as his daughters. The story is a universal one: brash, young man rises fast in the business world, gets lumbered into marriage, gets attracted to lots of other ladies, gains wealth and prestige, gets more trouble from his children, and finally - it's all over and he's old. Best blending of stagecraft and cinema we've ever seen.

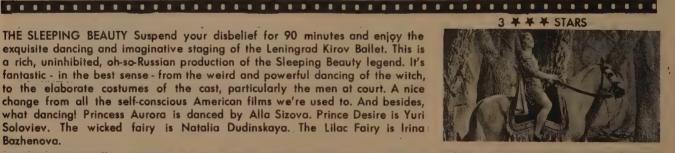
TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD Hoo...this helicopter comes tooling in for a landing, and inside is a Brooks Brothers type with a - no kidding - a briefcase, and it's none other than Tarzan ("That 'of the apes' will have to go, kid; you're in the bigtime now"). The big difference between the new Tarzan and the old one? When he reappears in his loincloth he's so self-conscious he feels compelled to say, apologetically, "Well, it's practical." So anyhow a little boy gets kidnapped because he is the sole link to a lost city made of gold, and Tarzan does hero-type things to save him Mike Henry, a former Hollywood stunt man, stars as Tarzan.

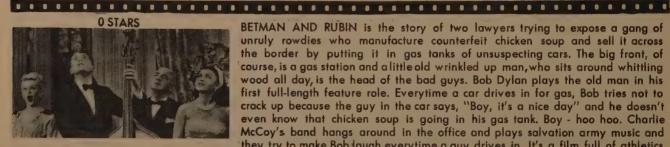




BAMBI Walt Disney's masterpiece, looks even better now than when it first came out; where else in the movies can you find emotions as true and as gentle as the little animals' toward the newborn Bambi?...as "human" as the animal children growing up, learning about life, and falling in love?..and as terrifying as when hunters invade the forest? If you only see one movie this month, see Bambi - it's like a breath of fresh air. One can only look at Walt Disney's latest efforts crude, idiotic, violent - and wonder what on earth has happened to him.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY Suspend your disbelief for 90 minutes and enjoy the exquisite dancing and imaginative staging of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet. This is a rich, uninhibited, oh-so-Russian production of the Sleeping Beauty legend. It's fantastic - in the best sense - from the weird and powerful dancing of the witch, to the elaborate costumes of the cast, particularly the men at court. A nice change from all the self-conscious American films we're used to. And besides, what dancing! Princess Aurora is danced by Alla Sizova, Prince Desire is Yuri Soloviev. The wicked fairy is Natalia Dudinskaya. The Lilac Fairy is Irina Bazhenova.





BETMAN AND RUBIN is the story of two lawyers trying to expose a gang of unruly rowdies who manufacture counterfeit chicken soup and sell it across the border by putting it in gas tanks of unsuspecting cars. The big front, of course, is a gas station and a little old wrinkled up man, who sits around whittling wood all day, is the head of the bad guys. Bob Dylan plays the old man in his first full-length feature role. Everytime a car drives in for gas, Bob tries not to crack up because the guy in the car says, "Boy, it's a nice day" and he doesn't even know that chicken soup is going in his gas tank. Boy - hoo hoo. Charlie McCoy's band hangs around in the office and plays salvation army music and they try to make Bob laugh everytime a guy drives in. It's a film full of athletics

WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG introduced the unique talent of Miss Norma Tanega to the record buyers. The flip side of the hit single was "I'm The Sky" and it was another off-beat song. Both tunes are in Norma's first album along with even more evidence of her freshness and versatility. Accompanied by a few unamplified guitars on some numbers, a full orchestra and handclapping chorus on others, Miss Tanega sings of love, dreams, beauty and the search for a street that rhymes at 6 A.M. She wrote all 12 tunes in the album and all the lyrics are rich in provocative and primarily optimistic imagery.

(NEW VOICE 2001)

THE BARQUE BEATLES, BOOK is the astonishing transformation of Paul McCartney and John Lennon tunes into the musical style of Johann Sebastian Bach, George Philipp Telemann and George Frederick Handel. The Overture is easily recognized as "I Want To Hold Your Hand," dressed up with fancy violin and trumpet diddlings. The tenor singing bis Aria sounds very serious and dignified but bis words are "Help! I need somebody. Help!" from the famous Beatle movie title-song. And there's a delightful combination of "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and "Ticket To Ride" that sounds like it could have been written in 1766. The entire album is a sparkling musical surprise package for Beatle fans, diggers of Baroque goodies and anyone who really enjoys listening to groovy new sounds. {ELEKTRA EKS-7306}

MORE HIT SOUNDS OF THE LETTERMEN finds the romantic-voiced trio moving into the Land of the Top 40 again, followed closely by their swooping sighing violins. On ballads like "Sweet September," "The Things We Did Last Summer" and their hit "Secretly" they sustain a gentle mood. And they even turn "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Turn! Turn! Turn!" into cotton candy. Cotton candy is nice to have once in a while. But not too often.

(CAPITOL ST 2428)

CRYING TIME is a dozen variations on the Blues by the great Ray Charles. The title tune is a beautiful example of Ray's country-soul sound, "No Use Crying" features some churchy-soul organ playing, "Let's Go Get Stoned" is a bouyant swinger, "Going Down Slow" really drags you down, have a handkerchief ready when you dig Ray's painful-sounding vocal on "Tears"....and then...take a deep breath and start listening to the second side of the album. Groovy blues. **JABC PARAMOUNT ABCS - 544**

HAVING A RAVE UP WITH THE YARDBIRDS is definite mind-blowing music. Long before anyone coined the term "psychodelic music" the Yarbirds were tripping everyone out with their frantic other-world instrumental explorations. "You're A Better Man Than I" has a growling prowling guitar solo and meaningful lyrics too. "I'm A Man" was on the charts so you're probably already familiar with its wild harmonica and guitar explosion. The chanting of "Still I'm Sad" invokes images of somber monks in a far-off monastery. And when you dig "The Train Kept A-Rollin" you'd better have your ticket ready. "Evil Hearted You" and "Heart Full Of Soul" are groovy and the second side of the album was recorded live in concert in England complete with screams, shouts and other outbursts of passion.

(EPIC LN 24177)

SOUL BURST is a rhythmic collection of what you might call Latin Soul Jazz if you really want to run around pasting labels on everything. But how would you like people to run around sticking labels on you? Anyway, in this album Cal Tjader plays vibes and Jerome Richardson toots bis flute and Chick Corea plays piano and there's a bunch of bongo and congo drums that really wail up a storm and you sort of get the idea, what it's all about, don't you? It's really quite nice. {VERVE VV6-8637}







TOM JONES

ROY ORBISON



During their recent tour in England, JOHN SEBAS-TIAN {Lovin' Spoonful} spent a few free hours with 'Rolling Stones' BRIAN JONES playing music together in a friend's house - after awhile, the other Spoonful members appeared bringing with them a party - JOHN & BRIAN immediately headed upstairs to continue their talk and to continue playing. "Brian has the largest assortment of instruments I've ever seen," said John. Another high-light during the Spoonful's tour, was their meeting with George Harrison and John Lennon. George and John came down to hear the Spoonful play in a club called 'The Marquee'. Afterwards, all the boys returned to their hotel in hopes of some privacy - no sooner had they arrived, did the press people follow. After a couple of hours George and John left - their parting words were "When we come to the States in August, perhaps we'll all be able to sneak away and talk and play ragtime..." - At any rate, the tour was a fantastic success. The London BBC said of the Spoonful "The most original sound to come from America in a long time"... There have been so many rumors about The Walker Brothers going solo on records and splitting up which Granny would like to correct - NO! NO! they are not splitting up or going solo. What's more, they will be coming to the United States in August for a nationwide tour... Roy Orbison returns to America to start writing songs for a new MGM film, tentatively titled "The Fastest Guitar Alive". The story, about the U.S. Civil War will have Roy in the lead role...While the Animals were in town, they took time out of their busy schedule to spend a few hours meeting with their fans. Sterns, Department Stores' 6th floor auditorium has never seen the likes of it before. Poor Eric Burdon's hand was so tired after signing something like 2,000 autographs, that he had to lie down for a rest... Murray The K, to say the least is, a very busy man. He is presently working on two forthcoming television shows. They will be called "Murray The K Special For Mom & Dad" and "Murray The K Special For The Year 2000"...British Pop group, The Fortunes, ran into work permit trouble again when they tried to take up on an engagement in the States...The Bobby Fuller Four will be featured in their first movie, "The Ghost In The Invisible Bikini"...During a recent concert in

MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS

G0551P

(Got any questions about the stars? write to Granny c/o Hit Parader 529 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.)





NORMA TANEGA

New Jersey, a girl stole a very expensive cuff link from Bobby Fuller, so he gave the other one away.

A while later, the first girl felt guilty and returned the cuff link, but it was too late, so Bobby made her a present of it... Bob Dylan had embarked on a two month tour which will include stops in Australia, Sweden, Denmark, France and The British Isles. This will mark his first around-the-world-tour... Mitch Ryder and The Detroit Wheels have been receiving a great deal of attention lately. They are among the few American acts who inspire the kind of ripping and tearing hysteria that is usually associated with the British groups. During the boys last tour of four weeks, they lost \$3,000 worth of custom made clothes which were torn, stolen and destroyed by overeager fans - "Sometimes I feel like an ad for underwear" says Mitch who is fairly philosophical and determined to spend less money on clothes... The McCoys have been appointed official "Teen-Age Heart Ambassadors" by the American Heart Association. The group will help deliver the AMA's new risk reduction message. The McCoys will carry out their mission for Heart in their radio, TV appearances and in press interviews. They will also record several Heart Association messages for use on the air...In answer to many inquiries about Norma Tanega's hit song 'Walkin' My Cat Named Dog' and whether there truly exists a Cat Named Dog - yes, Norma bas will open in Chicago on August 12th, Detroit 13th, Louisville 14th, Washington 15th, Philadelphia 16th, Toronto 17th, Boston 18th, Cincinatti 20th, St. Lewis 21st, New York 23rd, Seattle 25th, finishing up their tour in Los Angeles on the 28th...Remember a tune called "Hey School Girl" by Tom & Jerry? You do? Good - well, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are one and the same... Also, Koppelman & Rubin who are the publishers of the Lovin' Spoonful had a record out many years ago called "Yogi" under the name of The Ivy Three...Herman's Hermits three week tour of the United States has been extended for eight weeks. They will be playing every major city, starting in Hawaii...Get well wishes from Granny and The Hit Parader Staff go out to Tom Jones, who recently underwent tonsil surgery... bye, bye dearies!





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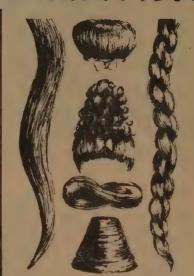
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• CAN'T LIVE WITH YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU

(As recorded by the Mindbenders/ Fontana)
TONI WINE
CAROLE BAYER When you're close to me You just seem to be not all there And when I'm far from you I just seem to be not all there.

But baby, I can't live without you Baby, I can't live with you It's never gonna work out right It's never gonna work out It's never gonna work out
Oh, couldn't you try
Just a little big harder to love me.

How I wish I was strong enough To just walk away But if I could I know you would just watch me walk away.

You see, baby, I can't live without you Baby, I can't live with you It's never gonna work out right It's never gonna work out It's never gonna work out
Oh, couldn't you try
Just a little bit harder to love me. Copyright 1966 by Screen Gems Columbia Music, Inc.

MY LOVER'S PRAYER

(As recorded by Otls Redding/Volt) OTIS REDDING This is my lover's prayer
I hope it'll reach out to you my love This is my lover's prayer And I hope you can understand my love My life is such a weary thing But in my ears oh my prayer just rings and rings You keep me wanting, waiting and wishing When I know deep down I'm not to

What you gonna do tonight When you need some lovin' arms to hold you tight

Tell me what you gonna do tonight When you need my happy voice to tell you goodnight.

Honey, but you can't let that be no problem
You've got to come on home and help me solve 'em Then I won't be missin' you

And honey, my lover's prayer would be all over.

What can the matter be it can't be too serious, we can't talk it

Livin' in this misery

Darling, you can't make my life all over Honey, but you don't let that be no problem

Just come on home and help me solve

Then I won't be missin' you I won't be missin' you And my lover's prayer would be all over It's got to be all over

Honey, all over
Don't keep my life goin' 'round in so
many circles
This is my lover's prayer

Come on, come on home This is my lover's prayer
I'm singln' it out to you
And I hope it'll reach you darling This is my lover's prayer. Copyright 1966 by East Publications, Redwal Music & Time Music. LOVE LETTERS

(As recorded by Eivis Presley/RCA Victor) EDWARD HEYMAN VICTOR YOUNG The sky may be starless
The night may be moonless
But deep in my heart there's a glow
For deep in my heart I know That you love me You love me, because you told me so.

Love letters straight from your heart Keep us so near while apart I'm not alone in the night When I can have all the love you write I memorize ev'ry line
I kiss the name that you sign
And, darling, then I read again
Right from the start Love letters straight from your heart.

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I WASHED MY HANDS IN MUDDY WATER

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers/Im-

JOE BABCOCK

I was born in Macon, Georgia
They kept my daddy in the Macon jail
He said son if you keep your hands clean
You won't hear those blood hounds on your trail.

I fell in with bad companions Robbed a man up in Tennessee And I got caught way up in Nashville They locked me up and they threw away the key.

I washed my hands in muddy water I washed my hands but they didn't come

I tried to do like my daddy told me I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream.

I asked the jailer, I said when's my time

He said son you know we won't forget And if you try just to keep your hands clean

Why we may just make a good man of you yet.

But I couldn't wait to get my time in I broke out, broke out of the Nashville lail

I just crossed the line of Georgia And I can hear those blood hounds on my trail.

I washed my hands in muddy water I washed my hands but they didn't come clean

I tried to do like my daddy told me I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream.

I washed my hands in muddy water I washed my hands but they didn't come clean

I tried to do what my daddy told me I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

Oh Lord, I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream

I guess I must have washed my hands in a muddy stream.

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PRAIN

(As recorded by The Beatles/Capitol) JOHN LENNON PAUL McCARTNEY If the rain comes they run and hide their heads

They might as well be dead If the rain comes, if the rain comes When the sun shines They slip into the shade And sip their lemonade

When the sun shines, when the sun shines

Ra-a-a-a-in, I don't mind Shi-i-i-ne, the weather's fine I can show you that when it starts to rain Everything's the same I can show you, I can show you Ra-a-a-a-in, I don't mind Shi-i-i-i-ne, the weather's fine

Can you hear me that when it rains and

It's just a state of mind

Can you hear me, can you hear me. sdaeh rieht edih dna nur yeht semos niar eht f I

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ALONG COMES MARY

(As recorded by The Association/ Vallant)

TANDYN ALMER
Everytime I think that I'm the only one who's lonely

Someone calls on me and every now and then I spend my time at rhyme and verse and curse the faults in me

But then along comes Mary

And does she wanna give me kicks and be my steady chick

And give me pick of memories or maybe rather gather tales from all the falls and tribulations no one ever sees

When we met I was sure out to lunch
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as
the punch

When vague desire is the fire in the eyes of chicks whose sickness is the games they play

And when the masquerade is played And neighbor folks make jokes At who is most to blame today Then along comes Mary
And does she wanna set them free And make them see realities In which she got her name And will they struggle much

When told that such a tender touch of hers will make them not the same

When we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch.

Then when the morning of the warning's

passed
The gassed and flaccid kids are flung across the stars

The psychodramas and the traumas gone The songs are left unsung

And hung upon the scars and then along comes Mary

And does she wanna see the stains The dead remains of all the pains

She sent the night before

Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies And realize their urgent cry for sight no more

When we met I was sure out to lunch Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as the punch.

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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Dear Sirs.

Hit Parader is the most informative of all the magazines or newspapers I have found on pop music.

Your articles on the lesser known acts are very interesting. If it weren't for Hit Parader. I would never have heard of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Now I can't wait to find their album.

I realize that you could fill your magazine with only what the press agents write about their stars, but you don't. You include interviews with many of the top acts and explain what is happening in pop music. That's what makes Hit Parader a great magazine.

Thank you very much for the articles on the Lovin' Spoonful. I had heard their first single on the radio but wasn't too impressed. Your articles convinced me to buy their album. Talk about talent!

One suggestion: Would it be possible to include a survey each month? Maybe the biggest selling records of the previous month? Hit Parader is already the greatest publication I have found. A survey would put it out of sight.

Sincerely. Dean Gurver Seattle, Washington

Thanks for the excellent suggestion. We're considering it right now. Perhaps we could give awards every month for the best records or have readers vote for their favorite. What do the rest of you think?

Dear Sir.

In your May edition you had an article about what Annette's secret ambition is. I was very mad at you for writing such a lie, in one part of the article you said that the reason Annette didn't wear a bikini was because she might be a prude or she's part kangaroo or maybe she's tubby. Sir, if you saw a beautiful, more gracious and more greater actress and singer, you would never know it.

You also said that in a 1932 press release that Annette played "A fiery Spanish girl to the Zorro of Guy Williams," Well, for your information, she wasn't even born then.

I used to be a great fan of your magazine, but I wouldn't except it now if it was offered to me on a silver platter. I was voted to write this letter to you by a group of 75 kids who read your article. They feel the same as I do.

My parents said it's people like you who are making some of the teenagers of today into sex fools and without you and your magazine the people would be a lot better off. **Drop Dead!**

Miss voted teenage writer!!

78 people just voted me to answer your letter. I feel very sorry for you, your 75 friends and your parents.

Jim D.



Remember when she was sweet and innocent? Boy, what happened?

Dear Editor:

In your June issue of Hit Parader you referred to the Barbarians and their song "Moulty". You called it the "Yech Song of the Week". How dare you??? Just how carefully did you listen to it? Did you ever see them perform? I think they are the greatest group going! All they need is a break! So why not give it to them? Print more pictures of The Barbarians and less of Herman's Hermits! They're warped. Barbarians are boss!

> Two Barbarian Fans Provincetown, Mass. (Cape Cod)



Looks like the Barbarians have sold two more records.

To The Editor:

Who do you think you are printing such trash as Lou Christie's article on "How The Beatles Almost Destroyed My Friends". The way Christie talks he shouldn't be a singer, but an animal in the zoo. Tough luck if the Beatles got to be famous with all the other British groups. If they worked so hard they deserved? to become famous.

{CONT. ON PAGE 60}



SPOONFUL DRUMMER

(Continued from page 16)

Some of the other groups I like for unusual kinds of rhythm are the Who with that stutter rhythm in "My Generation." The Yardbirds are great for drum-bass, lead rhythm things. We do that too. We take leads with rhythm. The Stones have always done it. The Beatles have a nice section rhythm change on "We Can Work It Out," where it slows down to a waltz tempo. The tambourine plays 3 or 4 different things throughout the section, that's another thing. Let's say 4 musical sections repeat twice and you have 8. Well, in combinations of 3, you can change things like tambourine parts that add a different feel and color to the rhythm. You just can't pound out a thing, it's got to move back and forth and in and out, and it's gotta jump and the only way to do it is to put off beats on other instruments - and other things to make it move.

The Motown sound is based on bass lines. Their things now sound too much alike. I have a feeling that sound is wearing thin. They should change. They have the same writers and musicians. The bass player at Motown is the guy who locks everything in. Heleads, starts, and finishes it. They do have some great bass players though.

John is the Spoonful clearing house more than a leader. We all come up with ideas. First of all the whole idea of "leader" originates wrongly. A "Band leader" was a man who played and hired men to play with him, in every town he went. The Beatles for a long time said they didn't have a leader, but actually they had Lennon. John Sebastian has the most extensive musical background and he also writes most of the tunes. So he has a feel for it. Usually, he's right. The feel he invisions is what you try to get down. Taking that into consideration it's only proper that he should have the final say if there's ever a toss up. Many times we've all suggested that John play something or other. We all try for a feeling. We've decided that John should settle arguments when they come up. We have a little joke that John is theleader only for rehearsals.

It's good that way because things are coming too fast and an argument can hang people up. John eliminates a lot of hassle. Usually, what he says is right because he wrote it. But we all cooperate in adding things and eliminating

The fact that we weren't locked into any one thing is the reason for our

original sound. Nobody had only played blues or rock and roll all their lives. We all have listened to classical music. folk music and a lot of things. So when we start playing something we have a lot to draw from. Actually, most groups today have the same thing going for them. They have a tremendous backlog of ideas that has come out of a lot of radio listening and a lot of exposure. Nowadays, the media reaches people so fast you just can't get isolated. Now, Ravi Shankar does a raga in India and you have a lot of groups here doing it. 25 years ago that wouldn't happen. There wasn't that instant communication between parts of the world in anything as well as music, and music is just another extension of what's happening. There are so many things that you can plug into at anytime.

If John or Zally play a steel guitar with the group it wouldn't change anything that I do. If it was something different I would automatically change. We're all sensitive enough to a piece of music and to each other that we know how to fit. We've been together for a little over a year now and we're just starting to get that feel for each other. It's groovy. We haven't had an argument over a piece of music in a long time because we're really starting to get a group feel. Earlier, there were times we'd argue for days over a difference of two notes that didn't really matter that much.

Jazz drumming hasn't influenced me an awful lot. I just listen to everything. You hear a train and that's an influence for drumming. A whistle can influence a guitar player. Anything....sounds.

Early jazz was taboo just like rock and roll and it wasn't considered a legitimate music. For a long time musicians who had great musical imaginations were in other things. Then people came along who had a leaning toward rock and roll but went into jazz because, to them, rock and roll was dumb music. It wasn't challenging enough. Back a few years rock and roll was like daytime television. Suddenly people like the Beatles, who had good musical imaginations worked within the rock and roll structure and made it a bigger thing. Now it encompasses more and better people are getting into it.

It's going to get a lot better. Who can predict, but I'd say rock and roll will become a legitimate thing. There is going to be more and more trading of ideas in all areas of music. Different people will be meeting each other. Music is getting more like music and it's getting harder to categorize a piece of music. Where do you put the Yardbirds or the Stones? They're playing blues but they're a little farther out, so it's not just blues. Even the Beatles. It's a musical form that isn't rock or folk, or jazz, it's just music that's happening.



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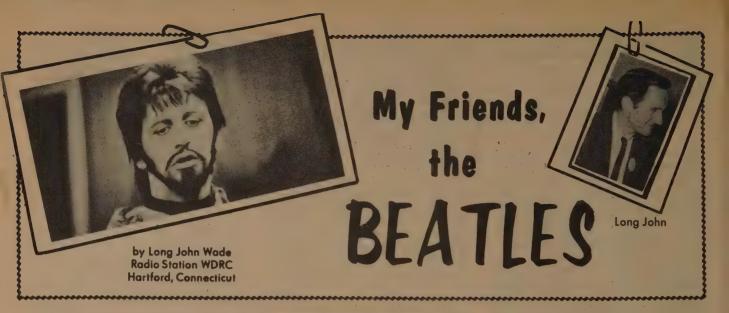


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As we approach the August Beatle tour, most people are saying it will be their greatest American tour. This month we spoke with Bernice Young, the perkywitted personality head-nose-and-throat of their American fans - the official club members. She is in charge of all American Beatle fans. Long John asked her how she became connected with the Beatles, her personal opinions, and expectations of the visitors-to-be. Here's what Bernice had to say.

Well, actually, I got connected with the Beatles when a friend of mine, who is on the staff of their attorney here in New York, asked if I would like to try my hand at running a fan club. Considering the fact that I had absolutely no experience in running fan clubs, I was rather hesitant to take it on. But, I did get involved in it and I found that it was a marvelous opportunity to do things with young people.

This, of course, was primarily due to the Beatles and their management. They just sort of left me free to organize the club and run it the way I wanted to, so from that point of view, it's really been marvelous.

They have encouraged everything that the fan club has done. They are very interested in the work of the chapters - how the kids have adopted children in their behalf - how they have given gifts to charities in the name of the Beatles - provided hospital equipment - all that sort of thing. The boys are very much aware of it, and very pleased with it.

The Beatles had heard of the fan club before we actually met. When I did meet them, I discovered they were four of the most charming, lovable, adorable, people on earth. I have yet to see anybody who could equal them as far as charm, poise, grace, kindness, courtesy or anything is concerned. Of course, it's really a strange thing, being with the Beatles, because you hear so much about them.



Oh boy! The Beatles are coming.

Maybe they'll look at me this time. Please...?

When you meet them and you sit down and talk with them, they're just four wonderful young men, and you don't get the feeling that you are in the presence of a "Beatle". It's just like being with somebody you like, really, a wonderful feeling.

Once I met them, my relationship with them really became stronger. They were incredibly talented when they first hit the pop scene in 1964. Since then, they have grown fantastically, and I still don't feel they have come anywhere near their true ability.

Their songwriting is fantastic. They are great in movies, and every time they go into the recording studio they come out with something entirely different. That's something very few groups can do. They're not limited to one form of expression, they're not limited to one particular style of music.

They can pick up many things and still maintain the unique Beatle sound. They're a fantastic group, and I expect them to continue to grow and become even greater. Their market has stretched. They have fans of every age, every possible position, every sort of person is a Beatle fan.

I think, for instance, this next tour is going to be the most exciting one they have had. I personally believe it will be much more thrilling than any of the other ones. I feel their past tours have engendered so much more interest in them and their old fans are looking forward to it so much. Now,



they have many new fans, even from the time they were here before. The more they tour, and the more people who don't get a chance to see them, the more the next tour becomes the most vital one.

So, I think this one is going to be much more exciting and...really, more hysterical than any of the ones in the past have been. And heaven knows, we can't say the ones in the past have been very quiet.

• DON'T BRING ME DOWN (As recorded by The Animals/MGM)

(As recorded by The Animals/MGM)
GERRY GOFFIN
CAROLE KING

When you complain and criticize I feel I'm nothing in your eyes It makes me feel like giving up Because my: best just ain't good enough Girl I want to provide for you And do the things you want me to Oh but please Oh don't bring me down Baby, please don't bring me down (oh no you don't bring me down) Oh don't bring me down I'm beggin' you baby Please don't bring me down.

Girl I know I can keep you satisfied Just as long as you give me back my pride

pride
Baby, sacrifices I will make
I'm ready to give as well as take
One thing I need is your respect
One thing I can't take is your neglect
More than anything I need your love
Then trouble's easy to rise above baby
(Repeat chorus).

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•LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

(As recorded by the Vogues/Co & Ce)
JOHN HURLEY
RONNIE WILKINS

Yes, it's true for most of my life I spoke the devil and I did my best to dodge anything that looked at all like work

I was prone to standing on corners Smoking cigarettes and talking about everything that I didn't know Oh, how I need to go.

Please take me to the land of milk and honey

To the land of love and sunshine To the land of milk and honey Please take me.

Time passed and I got a little older Taking on trouble just a little bit bolder You know I was thinking colder Fighting, lying, cheating, crying I gave up giving up the forces of evil that were pulling me down I was giving up my ground.

Please take me to the land of milk and honey

To the land of love and sunshine To the land of milk and honey Please take me.

Then it came and it sounded like thunder A shining light in the dark of night and you were really there
Telling me that you cared
Your warm love took away the cold
And where you walked the cobblestones

turned to gold
And when you touched my hair
You know you take me there
Then you down me.

Please take me to the land of milk and honey

To the land of love and sunshine To the land of milk and honey Please take me.

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WE READ YOUR MAIL



(CONT. FROM PAGE 56,

. I think this is a second-rate magazine if it even got that high.

English Group Fans, Bob Kates and Jon Wilner Silver Spring, Maryland

If M.G.M. Records didn't have the likes of Lou Christie, they couldn't afford their great jazz label - Verve. Any way, Mr. Christie is entitled to his opinions. Why do you gentlemen waste your time writing to second rate magazines?

Dear Editor,

I think the people that write these letters to you shouldn't be so mean. I read every edition you write and I really like it, too. All my family and friends like the Hit Parader. They said that they hope you keep writing them.

Your true fan, Cynthia Kay Bolden Erie, Pa.

Aw gee Kay...yer just sayin' that to be nice.

Dear Editor,

Re Animal Problems In London (June issue). I would like to comment on statements made by Mr. Eric Burdon in regards to rock and roll and blues:

You tell em, baby!!

John Silber New York City



Eric thinking of what to tell 'em.

Dear Editors:

I must admit that I think Dave of The Animals is wrong. He said that The Beatles could sing any of their songs, but they couldn't sing the Beatle songs.

First, I think they should be glad they can't sing any of The Beatles songs. Most of their songs have been lousy! And, as far as the Beatles' singing their songs, that's a laugh. The Beatles are little boys compared to The Animals.

When the day comes that The Beatles can sing as good as the Animals, that sure will be the day, won't it?

Keep on putting more stories of The Animals plus pictures (especially Eric Burdon's) and, I'll keep on buying the magazine.

Signed, "An Amimal Fan" Cameron, Mo.

Dear Editor:

Please be prepared - a not too conventional way to start a letter, but then this isn't a letter in the conventional sense - it's more the beginning of a mutual admiration society - or maybe a new novel.

Anyway sit back, relax, (and again please be prepared) because I'm about to write many things that have been on my mind for a long time - You Know A Long Time In The Works - but most of them are in praise of the magazines - Hit Parader and Song Hits.

First on my long list, I'd like to start off with, (or something like that) the comments on THE SCENE, June issue - you can't imagine how elated a lot of people were when they read that - you finally put Annette and similar things down for what they were - a farce- Anymore?

More praise - I thoroughly enjoy your magazine for its constructive criticism - which so many magazines refuse to do - although I don't always agree with some things that you print (a normal reaction). I do think your criticism is constructive, and in good taste - since they are in good taste I think even the artists that you do criticize appreciate your criticism because they take it for what it is (constructive) and not what many irate fans blow it up to be (petty jealousy).

Now on with it.

I'm very glad that you print short news and reviews (rhymes) on artists that other magazines seldom mention unless an artist they're writing about happens to mention his name. (Confusion? Figure that one out.)

For example - The Paul Butterfield Blues Band - which I'd never heard of before, until I read of them in your magazine - well, I checked them out and I really dig their album and only hope for another one soon.

Another example - Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf - two of the really classic blues artists who deserve more mention than they get - I hope you'll continue articles on them and their compatriots.

Also if you would please print more on Jim Kweskin and his Jug Band - they're great and since have been mentioned in your magazine, are selling rather well at our local re-

cord shops - I heard, or rather overheard, a fellow talking to his business associate saying, "See, that's another one of Kweskins we've sold today and that girl came all the way from the Springs after it." (Selling Good?)

Again more praise on your articles on the Lovin' Spoonful - they're fast becoming favorites - and I know quite a few people - myself included - who can only get all they can and want more (Spoonful).

Well, I guess that about wraps it up for me, although there are and will be more artists, articles and features I'll wish to congratulate you on and I know I've not covered a tenth of everything I wish to say - so in closing I remain,

Sincerely yours, Miss J.M. Taylor Littleton, Colo.



Zal offers Miss Taylor a toast.

We hope you enjoy the Spoonful spread in this issue, and watch future copies of H.P. for an interview with the Kweskin jug band by one of their biggest fans - John Sebastian. We are in the process of transcribing it from our trusty tape recorder.

Dear Editor:

Hit Parader is great! The change you made is great! I think by now you should pride yourself (or selves) with being a pretty groovy magazine except...get this "I Almost Had To Die...To Learn To Live!" (Barry McGuire) "They Said We Could Not Marry" by Kathy & John Walker. Lou Christie says "The Beatles Almost Destroyed My Friends!" (These were all quoted from the June issue of H.P.) Do you not realize these are the types of titles that come off of trashy teen Magazines such as Teen World (the worst I can think of at the moment)? Maybe they are eye-catching, but when I started to buy H.P. ('64) I bought it for the words to songs, not for a bunch of silly stories. I must admit I did read them, but they didn't have the ridiculous titles as of now.

Now that I have cooled down, I am going to compliment you on "What's A Werelaugh?" and the Village Club Scene. I'm comin' to Greenwich Village when I get out of high school, so beware - Bacon Fat is coming!

Keep Swingin' Barb Hein Langley, Washington Dear Editor:

I wish to express my opinions on your magazine: which is alternately bad and good, and then sometimes mediocre. Your philosophy is "Music - just the Music". You purport to be superior to the trashy fan magazines that litter the newsstands nowadays. In some respect, this is true. In another respect, this is a hypocritical statement. Your magazine has fine articles on blues people, the Village scene, and many of the lesser known performers who are the real trend setters. Then you also have trash about how the Beatles talk, what those infantile Herman's Hermits are doing, the love affairs of the Beatles and Bob Dylan. Also your movie reviews are ridiculous. You know nothing about the art of the cinema, so why not leave that to people who do? You also betray your immaturity in your criticism of performers' looks. So what if the Hullabaloos are ugly? That doesn't matter. The fact that they are untalented matters. And why do you constantly criticize the Rolling Stones? They are extremely talented (in spite of their appearance) as you will see if you listen to their 12 x 5 album or their Now! Lp. And I'll have you remember that they were the first to wear different clothes; they were the first to introduce R&B to the teen market, and they are largely responsible for the freedom from convention that performers enjoy today. And they - not the Beatles - are England's #1 group. Have more on the blues in Hit Parader. The tempo column is very good.

George Destefano Bridgeport, Conn.



We can't recall knocking the Stones.

Dear Editor:

I just started reading HIT PARADER regularly with the March issue, and I wanted to tell you wonderful people how it has enriched my outlook on music. I'm sixteen and I'd been looking all over for a magazine concerned with the music of today instead of how many times Ringo Starr brushed his teeth on the Beatles' last American tour. I loved HIT PAR-ADER from the moment I saw it. I was particularly pleased with the PLATTER CHATTER and TEMPO columns and the behind-the-scenes look at a Lovin' Spoonful recording session (March); the Village Club Scene articles and others too numerous to mention. I agree with you that the Lovin' Spoonful is one of the most original and talented groups to come along in many a moon. I also agree with Dick Clark that American groups are on the way back to stardom. How can we miss with talent like Lovin' Spoonful, Byrds, Blues Project, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, and Bloos Magoos?

Anyway, I've written this letter as a sort of last resort. I recently went into a prominent (?) record shop in my city. I asked the store manager if he had the Paul Butterfield album or something by Muddy Waters. He asked me what kind of music they played and I told him blues. He laughed at me for a moment and then he said, "Why the heshould I stock junk like that?" To put it mildly, I was shocked. Therefore, you're my only hope. Where may I order records by Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Paul Butterfield, Blues Project, Ravi Shankar, Sonny Boy Williamson, Fred Neil, and Bloos Magoos? I hope this request doesn't put you to any inconvenience.

I loved your reply to Janice Dempsey in the June issue. Anybody who hasn't heard of Buddy Holly and the Crickets has my sympathies. Buddy's death left a big hole in the popular music scene and to have never heard of such a great artist is indeed a tragedy. And, Miss Dempsey, Miss Hyman, and Mr. Carlson, the Hullabaloos are the ugliest bunch of misfits I've ever seen. So there, HA! HA!

Sincerely, Don Fitzgerald Tulsa, Oklahoma

The best blues record shop we know of is The Jazz Record Mart, 7 West Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois. They handle a great volume of mail order requests from all over the world. If they don't have what you need, which is highly improbable, they'll get it for you chop-chop. They deal almost exclusively in blues.

Dear Editor.

I just recently started buying Hit Parader and I luv it!

I especially luv all the articles you've had on the Lovin' Spoonful (keep 'em coming!).

But I noticed you've only done a feature article on Zal Yanovsky. Well, how about a feature on my fav (and I'm sure others' fav also) Joe Butler!

Joe is one of the greatest showmen, and if anyone ever has a chance to see the Lovin' Spoonful in a concert as I did, don't pass it up because it is a really wild experience!

Please keep up the good work as you have in the past, and thank you again for those marvelous articles (especially on the Spoonful)!

> Yours truly, JoAnn Fimiani Cleveland, Ohio

Please see Joe's own story "The function of a Rock and Roll Drummer" in this issue.

Dear Editor:

I have never written to a teen magazine, but after reading your June issue, I feel compelled to write and commend you on your fantabulous article "What's A Werelaugh?" about Zal (Spoonful) Yanovsky.

I first met Zal early last year when he came to New York from Toronto, just before the formation of the Lovin' Spoonful. He staved at the same hotel where I was then living. and I came to know him through a mutual friend who was also living there at that time. From the moment I met him, I discovered that he was not just one of the grooviest, but THE ONE AND ONLY GROOVIEST person anywhere around. When the Spoonful got together and started out by playing in Greenwich Village (Mainly the Night Owl), I followed their performances and progress and along with many other faithfuls, constantly cheered them along. I have not seen them since they have become rich and famous except for TV appearances but I still think they are the new top U.S. group, both as people and performers. They are going on to bigger and better things and will be around for a long time to come.

Please let's have more great features on the Lovin' Spoonful in general and the group's individual members in particular.

> Alice New York City

THANK YOU...THANK YOU...THANK YOU... THANK YOU ... THANK YOU ... THANK YOU ... I could go on saying THANK YOU forever but instead I will tell you what I am thanking you for. First off I had never gotten Hit Parader before, as I just get magazines that has something that I feel is interesting to me. A while back I went to Hullabaloo to interview the Animals and I happened to meet a group that was there but at that time had no recording contract. I started to go down to the Night Owl regularly to see them and wrote thousands of letters to magazines and places trying to get someone to notice them, but everyone was afraid to put someone in their magazine that hadn't hit "big time". Well, when I saw your June issue I nearly dropped dead! You see, on the cover I saw written Bloos Magoos and these are the guys that I have been talking about for a little under a year! I really respect and admire you for what you did do on them, even though it was just a bit it is better than the nothing that the other magazines have been doing. So once again I thank you and hope that you will have much more...much, much more on them!!!!!!

> Thank you! Lynda Witt Hempstead, Long Is.

We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to: WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER, CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.



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(As recorded by Roger Miller/

Smash) ROGER MILLER

You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd But you can be happy if you've a mind to:

You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage

You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage

You can't take a shower in a parakeet cage

But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

All you got to do is put your mind to it Knuckle down, buckle down Do it do it do it.

Well, you can't go swimming in a baseball

pool You can't go swimming in a baseball

pool You can't go swimming in a baseball loog

But you can be happy if you've a mind

You can't change film with a kid on your back

You can't change film with a kid on your back

●YOU CAN'T ROLLER SKATE You can't change film with a kid on your

IN A BUFFALO HERD But you can be happy if you've a mind

You can't drive around with a tiger in your car

You can't drive around with a tiger in your car You can't drive around with a tiger in

vour car But you can be happy if you've a mind

All you got to do is put your mind to it Knuckle down, buckle down Do it do it do it.

You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd But you can be happy if you've a mind to

You can't go fishing in a watermelon

patch
You can't go fishing in a watermelon

patch
You can't go fishing in a watermelon patch

But you can be happy if you've a mind to.

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• RICHARD CORY

(As recorded by Them/Parrot) PAUL SIMON

They say that Richard Cory owns one half of this whole town With political connections to spread his wealth around

Born into society, a banker's only child

He had everything a man could want, power, grace and style.

But I work in his factory and I curse the life I'm livin' And I curse my poverty And I wish that I could be, Oh, I wish that I could be Oh, I wish that I could be Richard Corv.

The papers print his picture almost everywhere he goes Richard Cory at the op'pra Richard Cory at a show And the rumor of his parties and the orgies on his yacht Oh, he surely must be happy with everything he's got (Repeat chorus).

He freely gave to charity, he had the common touch And they were grateful for his patronage and thanked him very much So my mind was filled with wonder when

the evening headlines read
"Richard Cory went home last night and
put a bullet through his head"

(Repeat chorus). Copyright 1966 by Eclectic Music

EVERYBODY LOVES A NUT

(As recorded by Johnny Cash/ Columbia) JACK CLEMENT I knew a salesman named Frank

Who had a tiger named Hank He tried to put Hank in his tank And guess what happened to old Frank When they picked up the teeth, hair, and eyes

They erected a tombstone that read:

Everybody loves a nut The whole world loves a weird-o Brains are in a rut but Everybody loves a nut.

There was a hermit named Fred Who kept a dead horse in his cave And everyone said to Fred Fred, how come you got that dead horse in your cave And he said, well:

Everybody loves a nut The whole world loves a weird-o Brains are in a rut but Everybody loves a nut.

And there was that Columbus fella Who told the Queen Isabella I don't think the world is flat And what do you think of that And she said, you don't And he said, no 'mam' And she said, well get out of my queendom And he said, all right.

Everybody loves a nut The whole world loves a weird-o Brains are in a rut but Everybody loves a nut. © Copyright 1966 by Jack Music,

"LETTER FROM LIVERPOOL"

{Cont, from page 35}

But your latest secret weapon is the sneakiest trick of all. You have sent to ensnare our hearts a man who originally came from England but "defected" to the U.S.A. because the prospects were better! He's The Man Of The Op Era.

He's Illya.



You've guessed it. Every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock on B.B.C. television (it must be a peak viewing time, or something), instead of the man from Blair hospital, we now get the Man From U.N.C.L.E. (Some nasty people working for a rival television network insist on calling him the Man From Auntie, 'cause B.B.C. once had a name for being a bit old fashioned - i.e. in those days four letter words weren't allowed to be sprinkled all over TV plays - and she was known as "old Auntie B.B.C.").

Illya Kuryakin is the man who stirs the heart-strings of the English mod miss. David McCallum is the current "in" film idol. Usually Illya Kuryakin is referred to by his fans as just Illya - because most of them can't pronounce the Man From Uncle's surname!



England has really gone Op in a big way. And it looks like the op-art fashion will soon start spreading further afield than our shores - so watch out. Op is on the way! You have been warned. [



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THERM



NEIL SEDAKA

Now that the Vee Jay label is defunct, Jimmy Reed has signed with a Chicago label called Exodus. His first single is called "Knockin' At Your Door."/The Jewel label has re-re-released, "Dust My Broom" by Elmore James. Boy, does that ditty swing like mad./Elektra records has released an album called "The Electric Blues Project" with some tracks by the early Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Butterfield, Tom Rush and a few others. The label will also shortly release an L.P. called "How To Play The Electric Bass."/The Blues Project will appear at the Newport Folk Festival. They'll probably back Chuck Berry./ Don't miss another Elektra side called "Take A Little Walk With Me" by Tom Rush, which combines Elvis, Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley sounds./The Beatles bught out Nat King Cole's Publishing Company. They now own some of Nat's biggest songs. /Johnny Rivers has set up his own label, Soultown, to concentrate on rhythm and blues. He is currently searching the country for talent to record./Imagine! A successful comedian that doesn't have to be sarcastic or dirty. Our sincere congratulations to the great Bill Cosby./Ok, so maybe Johnny Sea's "Day For Decision" is a little corny. We met Sea, and he is a very sincere person. We need more spokesmen like that. At least it's corny in a better way that "Ballad Of The Green Berets."/Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs' latest single includes Donovan's "Colours" and "For Lovin' Me" made famous by Peter, Paul & Mary. That ought to give a few folkies heartburn./ Something is wrong somewhere if Them don't have a big hit with "Richard Cory", a Paul Simon tune. Heil Sedaka, an excellent classical pianist, competed in the annual Tchaikovsky competitions in Moscow during June./Earl Hines on a 6 week tour of Russia beginning in July./A beautiful story on Coleman Hawkins by famous cornettist Rex Stewart appeared in the May 19, issue of Down Beat. It's worth going out of your way to get./Recently Bob Dylan asked members of the British press how far away the nearest cow was. Bob has a huge collection of old Gabby Hayes' movies and he's studying them to play Gabby in an up-coming movie. It will be reviewed shortly in Camera 5./The Supremes were voted favorite vocal group by the U.S. Forces in Vlet Nam./If you seem to be losing faith in jazz, go see Dizzy Gillespie and guaranteed, your faith will be renewed. The new electric bassist in the group is really a fresh listening experience. The huge audience at the Gillespie performance was composed of a good deal of teenagers. Why do electric bass players always just stand there looking bored and chew gum? That's something we'll have to find out. Any bass players out there who can give us the answer?/This month's "yech award" goes to Nancy Sinatra.



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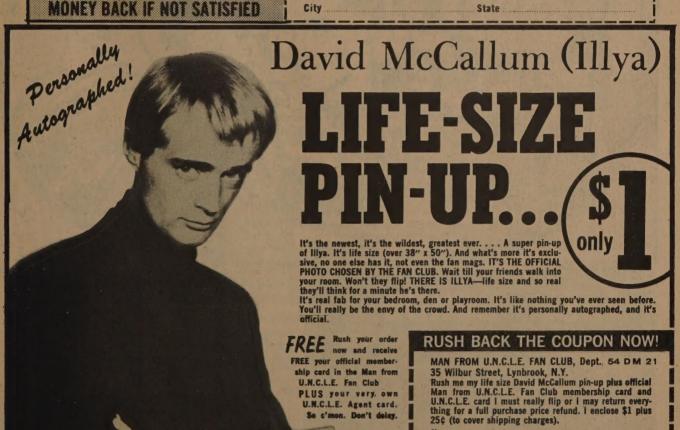
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 22. I'm Telling You Now
 23. Girl Don't Come
 24. Do You Wanna Dance
 - 25. Long Lonely Nights 26. Stranger In Town

 - Turn Turn Turn

 - 28. I Hear A Symphony
 29. But You're Mine
 30. Get Off My Cloud
 31. I'm Henry The VIII, I Am

- 32. I Like It Like That 33. Easy Question 34. Satisfaction
- 35. Cara Mia

- 35. Cara Mia 36. Seventh Son 37. The Name Game 38. Tell Her No 39. All Day And All Of The Night
- 40. This Diamond Ring
- 41. My Girl 42. The Jolly Green Giant

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